

ASPINALL'S

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER.

SALES INCREASING OVER ALL
THE WORLD.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL obtained the GOLD MEDAL,
HIGHEST AWARD, at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
JAMAICA, 1862.

ENAMEL.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the
R.O.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE,
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)
TERRIBLE RAILWAY
DISASTER.

ME. SEYMOUR LUCAS AMONG THE
VICTIMS.

MADRID, September 24.—A railway accident, attended with loss of life, occurred to day at Burgos, where an express train from San Sebastian, while travelling at a high rate of speed, came into collision with a mixed train. Seven persons were killed outright and several were injured, fourteen seriously.

24.5 P.M.—Later intelligence concerning the fatal railway collision near Burgos states that the accident, which occurred at a point between the stations of Quintanilla and Burgos, was due to a blunder on the part of one of the railway employees, who has been arrested. The official telegrams received concerning the number of victims are of a contradictory tenor, but according to private information it is now stated that fourteen persons were killed and twenty-four injured.

Among the killed was an Englishman named Hig (7) who had resided in Spain for some time. Another Englishman, whose name is not given, is among the injured, who includes a marchioness well known in Madrid society and two magistrates. The engine-drivers also sustained severe injuries. The express train which met with the accident did not come from France, but only from the frontier. The French express previously reached Madrid safely.

(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.)

MADRID, September 25.—A despatch received to-day from Burgos states that Mr. Maurice Long, who was terribly injured in yesterday's railway disaster near Burgos, is dead. The Mr. White, who was killed is now stated to have been attached to the consulate at Malaga, though this has not yet been confirmed. The barrister who was severely injured, having had both legs broken, is stated to be Mr. William Compton. The English artist, Mr. Seymour Lucas, is very severely wounded. It is believed that these four comprise the whole of the English who were victims.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

EXPECTED RISING IN BURMAH.
AN ALARMING SITUATION.

RANGOON, September 26.—It is rumoured that the Tawhba of Wancho is collecting large bands of followers in different parts of the district, with the intention of attacking that locality. The people are alarmed. Grave fears are entertained as to the possibility of holding the position by means of the existing garrison of Madras troops, and reinforcements have therefore been applied for.

TEN NEGROES SENTENCED TO
DEATH.

NEW YORK, September 25.—At Lawrens, South Carolina, yesterday, ten negroes were sentenced to be hanged on October 23rd for the murder of another negro. They were all tried, convicted, and sentenced together.

THE AUSTRIAN REICHSRATH.

VIENNA, September 26.—An autograph letter of the Empress to Count Taaffe, the Austrian Premier, is officially published to-day, summoning the Reichsrath to reassemble on the 8th proximo.

THE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

HAVANA, September 25.—A collection has been made at the Casino Espanol for the benefit of the victims at Consuegra. Over 13,000dols have been subscribed.

EXPLOSION AT A FIREWORK
DISPLAY.

4 KILLED AND 30 INJURED.

NEWARK (NEW JERSEY), September 25.—A fatal explosion occurred here yesterday during the celebration by a number of Italians of the Feast of San Rocco. A display of fireworks was proceeding when a bomb, consisting of a long copper tube loaded with powder, burst into a thousand pieces. Four of the Italians were killed, including a boy, who was literally cut in two by a fragment of metal. More than 100 spectators were thrown to the ground, and of these thirty were more or less injured.

THE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

NEW YORK, September 25.—At a meeting held yesterday at the Spanish Chamber of Commerce it was resolved to appeal to the country for subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in Spain. The Spanish consul occupied the chair, and the French, Mexican, and Venezuelan consuls were also present. Two thousand dollars were immediately subscribed, and of this sum \$1,000 were ordered to be telegraphed immediately to Spain.

THE CANADIAN SCANDALS.

VOTE ON THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

OTTAWA, September 25.—The Canadian House of Commons this morning concluded the debate upon the report of the committee appointed to investigate the charges brought by Mr. Tarie against Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. McGreevy. The amendment of Mr. McCarthy, condemning both reports on the ground that neither was sufficiently clear was negatived by a majority of 182 votes. Mr. Davies's amendment in favour of the adoption of the minority report was defeated by a majority of twenty-one for the Government. The report of the committee was then adopted by a majority of fifteen votes, three Conservatives voting against the Government. Mr. Tarie did not vote, but said that while the minority report largely expressed his views he by no means considered that the majority report was a whitewashing one.

(DALZIEL'S TELEGRAM.)

OTTAWA, September 25.—It is stated that the following changes will be made in the Cabinet. Mr. Peter White, Speaker of the House, will replace Mr. Hector Langevin; Mr. Wood Brookville, of Ontario, will succeed Mr. White; and Mr. Hugh Macdonald, son of the late Premier, will be Minister of Agriculture. The Hon. Peter Haggart will remain.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 25.—The Porte has addressed a circular to its representatives abroad on the Dardanelles question. It points out that for several years past the vessels of the Porte have been running between Odessa and Vladivostock, and as they sailed under the commercial flag were granted a free passage through the Dardanelles. As, however, these vessels occasionally carry soldiers and convicts, it has occurred that they were detained by mistake at the entrance to the Dardanelles, and it was in order to prevent similar misunderstandings that the Porte sent formal instructions to the commander of the straits, a step which called forth news-

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
NORTH COUNTRY SKETCHES.

BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

SMA' STILLE.

One of the most difficult things to understand aright is a typical Scotch conscience. It is on some points so precise and sensitive; on others so easy and free of compunction; and nowhere is the contrast more striking and remarkable than in quiet country places, where old fashions and prejudices still linger on—where the stern antique Presbyterians rebels against the "kistie" or "whistles" and places "hunkering" among the deadly sins, and refuses to join in the singing of carnal hymns. Yet the strictest hold very lax views about cheating the tax-gatherer. Since time immemorial the canny Scot has been renowned for "running" French brandy and claret, and every year discloses scores of cases where the "sma' still" has been pounced upon. You have only to take the records of the law courts to see that there are illicit stills everywhere. Sometimes the discovery is made that, under the very nose of the exciseman, in the purloins of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the business has been carried on; often the prize is taken among the lonely hills, in remote glens, or in inlets that scarcely can be called inhabited. Not is there any doubt as to the class of trade supplied from these sources. "Shebooning," that is, the practice of selling drink without a license, is an offence familiar wherever there is a police court, and there is no viler place on earth than a city shebeen. It is not exactly—at least, not always—a downright house of ill-fame, but being resorted to by loose characters of both sexes, it is not much better, though let us charitably suppose the least unholy of the profits arise from the sale of whisky that has paid no revenue.

The country still and the country shebeen are institutions of a far more innocent character. Many decent householders would hardly know how to get on without the latter. In Caithness-shire and other northern districts, the "tacksmen" and crofters order their Christmas keg—the garden keg, as it is called, from its usual place of burial—as regularly as their meal and coal, and there are places where the still is worked with scarcely any concealment. The little island of Stromness used to be one of these, and a capture on it was almost impossible. Owing to the rocks and currents it was difficult of approach and if the gauger did make a raid, the still-men had plenty of time to destroy the evidences of their work and to conceal the "worm," which is the only part of their outfit that costs much to replace. If hard beset, they have been known to throw it into the sea at a point where it could be recovered when the tide ebbed. They will make great efforts at such times to save the whisky. To prevent it set afloat, and the case escape being dashed to pieces, they have been known to cruise about in their boat long enough in search of it. The country shebeens often are, as it were, the tied houses of the sma' still. They are common enough all over Scotland, and in large measure owe their existence to Sunday and early closing. I know one which the same fat old woman has kept for nearly twenty years. It is a lonely house on a desolate moor road in the north. The first time I went on a tempestuous winter night. It was so dark we could not see the house before us, far less the track that served as road. Further progress had in fact grown almost hopeless, when the driver—a knowing youth from the hotel—proposed a stoppage at Nancie's, a place he seemed to know. "Any port in a storm," said I, and immediately fell in with his suggestion. We crept up very quietly on the soft newly-fallen snow, but had we made more noise the inmates scarcely would have heard it, for from the sounds that came out they seemed to be keeping a kind of devil's wake inside. Through a chink in the window I saw an extraordinary scene of merriment. In a kitchen, dim with peat smoke and half-light by a candle lamp, two or three couples of ragged men and bairnly lasses were dancing and singing to the music of a fiddler scraping his gut on an upturned tub, wooden stumps full of whisky passing freely from one to another. At our knock the whole company disappeared, as if by magic, into the lower room of the cottage, and not till the driver had assured them I was "safe" did they venture out again. Many a sorry night I have spent before and since, but that was the maddest. To keep them in good humour I had to talk and laugh with the men, to dance with the stout country women, togeth with the fiddler, and, worst of all, to drink more than was good for me of the vile rot-gut or "kill-the-carter" provided by the hostess. Being young and naturally fond of an out-of-the-way frolic, I entered fully into the spirit of the occasion, but the more I put them in good humour the more frequently came the request, "Drink with me," and "With me," and "Taste mine." The remembrance of the subsequent headache still fills me with a loathing of illicit whisky. But in the nature of things it cannot possibly be good. Stolen fruit, no doubt, is sweetest, and the palate may be trained to like anything; otherwise, so much romance would not be talked about this compound of wash and fuel oil. The still-men can only make small quantities at a time; often they have to use potatoes or even heather roots instead of malt; it is an impossibility for them to mature their stuff properly in sherry casks; and, therefore, common sense, as well as experience, shows that their fiery liquor is fit only for the very strongest stomachs.

Illicit distillery is carried on to a very great extent on the low hills on the border of the true highlands. At one time it was very prevalent among the Ochils, the chief offender being a very sanctimonious person, who died the elder of a kirk, although I regret to say he was offering great bargains in the shape of smuggled cigars within a week before the occurrence of that sad event. Very seldom was it possible to draw him out in regard to the wild days of his youth, but occasionally, if he chanced to have been tasting rather freely, he could tell many a curious anecdote about his adventures. Neighbours used to relate how the earliest risers of the little town would sometimes encounter coming home an hour or two daybreak, having obviously b

haggard looks been up all night, but Willie's hands were sure to be full of groundsel and chickweed, for "no sleep" in well, he had just gotten up to seek some meat for the canaries, poor things."

Sometimes he carried a gun to scare the birds, as he explained, from a garden he rented quite outside the town, and which he sowed regularly with peas, as if to tempt them to steal; but the weapon was not loaded with sparrow drift, but with slugs and buckshot. For Willie came down from his hiding place in the gorse just at the break of day, when the sun doored, having strayed down to pasture or cornfield, at the sound of the horn blow at the farm-place to waken the birds to toil cock their ears and begin playfully, and eating as they go, to trot back to cover again. From his place of concealment among the ferns of some rough thicket they had to pass, the still-man broke the legs of many a fawn, which he then rushed out and killed with the butt of his gun, and thrust into his huge "poker," to be carried home for Sunday's dinner, deer-stripping and illicit distilling being companion crafts from time immemorial.

This great bag or sack served many purposes. In it the still-man often had to carry coals for miles across the hills. Fuel was absolutely necessary, and there are many portions of the bare green moor where neither peat nor wood was obtainable. It was necessary to carry it very carefully. If an excursioner chanced to see the least bit of coal lying, it may be on a sheep-track across the moor or on the burn-side path, it set him on thinking and searching immediately. So it behaved them to be very careful of the smoke. It was not uncommon to lead the chimney into a disused rabbit hole under a whin bush, but even from that it was necessary to remove all the marks of soot, as otherwise the unusual blackness might betray the existence of the underground cave. To be beside a burn is a great advantage, for when it was in "spate"—a little hill burn developed into a tremendous torrent in wet weather—all kinds of refuse could be safely rid of in it.

Some of the drollest adventures occurred during the conveyance of the whisky to its destination. The keg was carried in a sack without much danger of detection in a general way; but sometimes when Willie was trudging away with it on his shoulders, all at once he would catch sight of the enemy. On one occasion he scrambled round the shoulder of the hill, and slipped the little cask out so that it rolled gently till it stopped in a bed of fern. Before the gaugers got up to him, as he went off in an opposite direction, the sack was thoroughly stuffed with dried bracken, and his answer to their inquiries, made with a face of clownish innocence, was that he was only carrying "a bit bedding for the pony." On another occasion he just managed to drop his burden ere they saw it, and shouting, "Rin, Jemmy, rin, there's the 'gaugers,' stood stock still with it at his feet. But without waiting to question one who had apparently nothing to fear, they flew in quest of the imaginary confederate, giving him ample time to conceal the treasure. Once his house was searched while his wife lay in childbed, and as nothing incriminating was found, the legend was started that the cask was hidden among the blankets, a tradition that brought him into very ill odour for some time owing to the fact that the poor woman died from neglect, it was said; Willie, as may be imagined, was no model husband.

One of the most amusing stories I ever heard about concealed whisky was told of quite another who lived in a little cottage at the foot of the hills. He managed to elude his pursuers so far as to get into his house without discovery, but suspicion pointed it out to them as deserving of search. When they entered he was busy rocking the cradle and singing a lullaby as if to a wakeful infant. "For the love of God," he cried to the searchers, "see where you like and do what you like, but dinna wake the bairn." It's roared ever since the wife went off to the market, and I've just gotten it asleep."

The gaugers were family men, and liked that sort of music as little as the smuggler, so, finding nothing, they decamped, little suspecting what sort of a baby was being so carefully rocked.

All over Scotland there is so much illicit drink traffic that one is curious to know who chiefly carry it on. The fact is, however, that in places that depend for prosperity on the tourists there are many people employed for only a portion of the year, and during the many months which they are idle, many gillies, coach drivers, odd men at hotels, and others fall back on poaching and illicit distilling as employment for their otherwise vacant hours. Partly the desire for profit, and partly the need of something to do, accounts for it. There is a good deal of risk, and not half so much fun, about the business as an outsider might think, and usually the man who takes to these courses comes to no good end. If he should be lucky enough to escape prison, he almost invariably, in the end, becomes a victim of drink. The strongest constipation must yield at last to the inroads of kill-the-carter.

THE GERMANS IN AFRICA. A special despatch from Hazamayo says: "The tribe of the Tigray, states that the Wadigo tribe in the northern territory is in open rebellion, and Lewa and Magila are endangered. The Arabs are very restless, and altogether the general situation is very bad. The correspondent adds that the Catholic missions in the interior are in danger of attacks by the enraged natives. Eugene Wolf, the special correspondent of the *Teleglobe*, writes to that paper from Lorenzo Marquez, respecting the colonisation of German East Africa by Boers. He was informed by the Boers at Pretoria that the Transvaal had become too small for them, and they would have to move. A large number of them would like to retire to Damaraland and live under the protection of the German flag. All they asked from the Government of Germany was a little land, and the entrances, duty-free, for their implements they brought with them. Fifty families, numbering 300 to 400 men, well equipped and armed, would be ready to leave the Transvaal at the beginning of February next. By that time there would be another 100 households found with them."

They begged a power on a fulfil their

CRUELTY TO POULTRY.
A HEAVY FINE.

At the Kingston-on-Thames Police Court, Austin Edgar Green, a baker, living at Gillingham, Dorset, was summoned at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for having caused five ducks and forty-eight fowls to be conveyed from Dorset to Kingston-on-Thames in cases of insufficient size, thereby occasioning cruelty. Robert Lever, a railway employee at Kingston Station, proved that the birds arrived in four cases, and had been travelling the greater part of Saturday, August 19th. They were in a very distressed condition through being overpacked, and one was dead. The depth of three of the cases was not sufficient to allow the birds to stand upright, and they were literally wedged in the boxes. The stationmaster (Mr. Greig) said he thought at first that several of the fowls were dead. They were in a distressed state, and were very much overcrowded. The defendant admitted the offence, and said he used the cases because he had not any proper crates in his possession. The magistrate's clerk reminded him that he was liable to a penalty of £10, and the justices thought it was a gross case of cruelty. It subsequently transpired that the birds were packed at 6 o'clock in the morning, and did not reach Kingston until 5 o'clock. The chairman remarked that the case reminded one of the Black Hole in Calcutta. The defendant was fined £5 and 42s. costs, and an application for time in which to pay the money was refused.

AN UNBRIDLED TOLIE.

A man named Tolie appeared before a court-martial at Toulouse on the charge of having failed to join his regiment when his time was due. The senior officer having asked him what he had to say in his defence, he reported by using filthy language. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for absenting himself from his corps without leave, and to eight years' hard labour for insulting the court-martial.

SAD CASE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

At the Hampstead Police Court John H. Mengel, 45, of New North-street, Theobalds-road, describing himself as a clerk, having in his possession a number of testimonials from well-known people showing him to be a good classical "coach" and to have held good positions as a schoolmaster, was charged on remand with having attempted to commit suicide by cutting his right arm with a razor on Hampstead Heath. P.C. Wilshire, 471 S, deposed that on the evening of the 12th inst., he was passing along Fleet-road towards Hampstead Heath, when he met the prisoner, who had his right hand in his coat pocket. He asked witness the way to the police-station, and on being told remarked, "You had better take me there." Witness inquired, "Why?" and the prisoner replied, "For attempting to commit suicide." Witness asked him how he had done it, and he said he had cut his wrist with a razor. He showed witness the wound, but refused to allow him to bandage it. Witness compressed the artery and took him to the police-station. Dr. H. Cooper Rose was called, and attended to him there, and ordered his removal to a hospital. Witness took him to the North-West London Hospital, where the wound was further dressed by Dr. Fowler, who said he could not detain prisoner, and witness took him to the Hampstead Workhouse Infirmary. A razor and a pocket-knife were found on prisoner, but there was no blood on either of them. Prisoner bore a most excellent character, both at his lodgings and in the firm where he was engaged. He had complained of extra work and worry in business lately, and had been unable to sleep at night. Mr. C. E. B. Powell, solicitor, agent, of Bedford-street, Strand, said he had known prisoner for about twenty years, and he had been a clerk in witness's employ. They had been exceedingly busy lately, and he thought that perhaps prisoner had been somewhat overworked. He had been a most faithful clerk, and witness was quite prepared to continue him in his situation. "Prisoner, who at the first hearing said he had intended to destroy his life, as he had been much worried in business and overworked, now promised not to repeat the offence. The bench discharged him, and he left the court with his employer.

THE BEHRING SEA.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister at Washington, has formally notified the State Department that the modus vivendi arrived at with regard to the Behring Sea fisheries has been violated by the North American Commercial Company, who are alleged to have captured a larger number of seals than is prescribed by the international agreement.

REMARKABLE VOYAGES.

There are at present in Liverpool two sailing vessels which have recently completed very remarkable voyages. Not only did they leave the Mersey on the same day last year and arrive at the same destination within twelve hours of each other, but they returned to Liverpool, reaching port the same day, having in the interim covered a distance of not less than 30,000 miles.

The vessels are the Lorton and Cocker-mouth. Both left the Mersey on the 30th October last year for Aspinwall, Oregon, arriving at that port, one on the 1st March, and the other on the 2nd. They had, however, been in company with each other for a good portion of the voyage—in fact, at one period of the journey they were in sight for forty days. And during this time the crews kept up an interchange of courtesies, crossing over from one ship to the other until an unfriendly breeze parted them. Both captains had their wives on board, and during the forty days one of the captains and his wife took advantage of the opportunity and dined on a Sunday on board the other's vessel, the visit being returned on the following Sunday by the other commander and his lady. Both vessels left Aspinwall on April 8th, but this time their destinations were different, the Lorton being bound for Dunkirk, and the Cocker-mouth to Havre. They again arrived at their destination about the same time, however, the 2nd April. Mr. H. H. Henson and the four elder children went to bed on Tuesday night, leaving Mrs. Henson day astern, awaking her nine months' old baby. On awakening on Wednesday morning Mr. Henson missed his wife and infant, and, on a search being made their bodies were found as stated.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

The wife and infant child of Mr. Charles Henson, postmaster at Langley Hill, a village on the borders of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, have been found drowned in a water cistern in the back yard of their residence. Mrs. Henson, who is thirty-seven years of age, had recently been in a depression, and the entrance, duty-free, for their implements they brought with them. Fifty families, numbering 300 to 400 men, well equipped and armed, would be ready to leave the Transvaal at the beginning of February next. By that time there would be another 100 households found with them.

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A TERRIBLE LEAP.

The passengers on a western express train from Chicago to Buffalo were the witnesses of a terrible tragedy—the suicide of Mrs. Dell Rathburn, a well-known society woman of Buffalo, who jumped from a train into Niagara River, 200ft. below, and was drowned. Mrs. Rathburn had been visiting the family of Dr. William Buck in Chicago for some weeks, and on Sunday she suddenly disappeared. The lady had been acting singularly for some days, and had threatened to drown herself, so that immediately upon her disappearance her friends at once began to search for her, and orders were given to drag Lake Michigan. But Dr. Buck received a letter on Monday from Mrs. Rathburn, saying that she left his house intending to drown herself, and had gone to the lake for that purpose; she had changed her mind, however, she said, and had decided to return to Buffalo. Dr. Buck immediately telephoned to the lady's friends to meet her at the railway station at Buffalo, saying that he feared she was suffering from nervous prostration. In accordance with this despatch a large number of persons gathered in the New York Central Railway Station to meet the train upon which Mrs. Rathburn was expected. When the train arrived she was not found among the passengers, but it was learned that a woman exactly answering to her description had jumped from the train when it "slowed" at Niagara for the purpose of permitting the passengers to view the falls. A mourning ring, three bracelets, and several diamond ornaments were found on her seat in the train, and were identified as the property of Mrs. Rathburn.

MRS. MAYBRICK.

According to a telegram from Bar Harbour (Maine), agents of Mrs. Maybrick are working hard among influential people in New York and Washington for the purpose of interesting them in her case. They have succeeded in obtaining the influence of Mrs. Blaine, who has signed a petition for Mrs. Maybrick's release. The paper, it is stated, has also been signed by Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President, and by the wives of the members of the Cabinet. It is to be sent to Mr. Lincoln, the Minister to England, for presentation to the Queen. The American newspapers, however, are vigorously opposed to these petitions as meddlesome and likely to bring those who sign them into contempt. Many petitions, all signed by women, have (according to another telegram) been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Blaine during the last few months, begging them to use their influence with President Harrison in order to induce him to approach the British Government through the customary diplomatic channel on the convict's behalf. The petitions assert that Mrs. Maybrick, an American woman, was convicted on evidence which left her in reasonable doubt, and that, if the case cannot be reopened, a new trial secured, the British Crown ought, at least, to exercise its prerogative of mercy and set her at liberty.

ACCIDENT TO AN M.P.

Mr. Thomas Fielden, M.P., met with a very serious accident the other day. He has been on a visit to Mr. Cooper Rose was called, and attended to him there, and was out-door-stalking at Clovelly, Forfarshire, accompanied by a gamekeeper named Fraser. When at the top of a high crag he sat down, but almost immediately fell backwards, and rolled down the face of the mountain. Fraser saw him fall, ran to his aid, and, making a spring, caught him as he fell upon a ledge of rock about twenty feet below the summit of the crag. This prompt action undoubtedly saved Mr. Fielden from death, as below the narrow rocky ledge was a precipice more than 1,000 feet in height, over which he must otherwise have fallen and been dashed to pieces. Fraser shouted for help, and fired his fowling-piece in the hope of attracting the attention of Mr. Banner, who was on another part of the mountain. A long time, however, elapsed before the signals were heard or understood. At length Mr. Banner, looking through his glasses from a distance, saw them and realised their peril, and his party hastened to their assistance. Several gillies ran to Glendoll Lodge and procured a temporary stretcher. It was not, however, until nearly six hours had elapsed from noon till about 6 p.m.—that the gamekeeper and his charge were rescued. It required the efforts of six men to get Mr. Fielden out of his dangerous position, as his injuries had rendered him helpless. Mr. Fielden was removed to Glendoll Lodge, and on being examined by Dr. Mill, J. Kirriemuir, was found to have sustained very serious injuries. One of his ribs was fractured, one ankle was severely sprained, and there were bad scalp wounds, besides wounds on the forehead and elsewhere.

SAFETY.

—If the rent is to be paid by the tenant, he must be responsible for the damage, and the landlord can sue him for the amount.

ACCIDENT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THough every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of your letters, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for accidental errors. Questions requiring to be answered by the correspondents should be sent in a separate letter, and the editor will be pleased to receive them.

REMEMBER—If you send us a letter, make sure it is addressed to "Editor," not to "Mr. or Mrs. —" or " — Esq."

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
THE DUCHESS OFPOWYSLAND.
BY
GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TALES WIN.

Linda was musing, alone and desolate, in the big gaiety drawing-room at Onslow Gardens. They had taken the house furnished while their own was being prepared for them, and Linda hadn't attempted to rectify any room in it to her private taste, except her special little boudoir on the second floor. So she was sitting there, brooding, with her eyes on the ugly wall, nursing her grief and loneliness as best she might, when a footman of the usual gorgous ducal pattern (to which she had long grown accustomed) flung open the door hurriedly, with the air of a man who has great news to announce, and blurted out in one breath the alarming tidings, "His grace has come back by himself in a cab, without his luggage or anything, and he's waiting downstairs in the hall now, if your grace will please to step down and see him—very ill with the fever."

In a second, at those terrible words, Linda had forgotten everything—she that Bertie was her husband and had come home ill to her. She rushed downstairs to him with beating heart and outstretched arms, as if the episode of his disappearance and the cruel watch he had set upon her movements had never existed.

He was sitting, or rather crouching, on one of the high-backed Chippendale chairs that flanked the hall-table. Linda flung herself upon him with a dozen kisses, in a wild outbreak of emotion, very rare in her temperament. "Oh, Bertie, Bertie!" she cried in an agony of suspense, "then you've come back to me at last. What is it? What is it? Oh, how horribly hot your forehead feels! It was kind of you, when you found yourself so ill, to think of coming home to me!"

The duke, for his part, didn't exactly repel her. That was not his cue now. He had left the arbitrament of fate to Mrs. Bouverie-Barton—Mrs. and Mrs. Bouverie-Barton as Goddesses of Head and Tails, had decided the toss-up in the sense that he was to come back to her. He accepted that decision in a blind, fatalistic way, as marking out his course for him. But he had a definite plan in his mind as well, to which that course was but the blind prelude; and he meant to carry out the plan, as it stood dim in his head a week ago on the Hamar Fjeld, and still more clearly that afternoon on the bench on the Embankment—ay, even to its uttermost jot and tittle. So he merely accepted Linda's kisses in a passive, mechanical, undemonstrative, high, aristocratic way, and whispered coldly in her ear, "Not before the servants, please. No scenes, I beg of you. If there have been differences between us, let us keep them to ourselves. Don't let us go washing our dirty linen in public before the butler and the lady's maid." For in all these matters, Adalbert Montgomery flattered himself, his manners still preserved that famous repose which stamps the castle of Vere de Vere.

Linda drew back as if she had been stung; but she never forgot her duty for all that. No, nor her tenderness either, harshly as he had greeted her. She could see in him, in spite of everything, only her husband, returned home to her ill—seriously ill; and her one thought now was for his comfort and safety. In less than half an hour they had moved the duke upstairs and put him quietly in bed, and Sir Frederick Weston himself, the great specialist on typhoid, hastily summoned by special messenger from his house in Harley-street, was already in attendance.

It was a terrible time. Whatever the duke's own plan might have been, this unexpected attack intervened to postpone or delay it. For a week or two he continued dangerously ill; and for a week or two Linda, already worried out with her constant care for Elizabeth Woodward, nursed him assiduously, with very little intermission. His attitude puzzled her. She couldn't quite make out what Bertie meant. At times, indeed, it almost seemed as if he relented for a while, he spoke to her so kindly, not to say affectionately, and Linda half began to hope the breach between them would be bridged over in part by this unexpected illness. But gradually it dawned upon her that those quiet moods were most frequently displayed before the doctor or the nurses. Whenever for a few minutes she was left quite alone with him, her husband relaxed at once into mud-and-gloom silence. Not that he spoke harshly to her; she fancied he seemed almost of set purpose to avoid such conduct as that; but he hardened himself like adamant, as one who could neither hear nor see her. Often he lay, with closed mouth and feverish lips hard pressed, for whole hours at a time, revolving in his own mind she knew not what bitter thoughts about her.

To Linda, this silent mood of his inexpressibly terrible. Womankind above everything, she felt his illness had suddenly endeared him to her once more; and it from the very marrow in his bones to see him thus chilly and irresponsive to all her wifely attentions. At times the half ventured to hope it might be nothing more than the lethargy of fever; when Bertie began to mend again, perhaps, he would smile as of old upon her. But, strange to say, the duke did not begin to mend. Even when the crisis was fairly over, as Sir Frederick himself declared, curious symptoms set in, which the experienced specialist, in spite of all his vast knowledge, failed entirely to comprehend. "Never saw a case in all my practice quite like thisone," he said, musing. True, the long suppression of the fever under the influence of the Norwegian climate might have something to do with its abnormal development; quite possible—quite possible; but the duke's strange drowsiness certainly surprised him.

It forms a most unexpected symptom of some unusual and dangerous second evolution," he remarked to Linda. "It's a sequela of typhoid, like the one that followed the late epidemic of influenza, never before, to my knowledge, so clearly indicated. The patient's condition at times may be described as nothing short of absolutely comatos."

All this never interfered for a

moment with Linda's care in nursing him. She did everything possible to make him well, and even insisted on washing the parquet floor all round the edges with Cindy's fluid with her own hands, lest infection should linger in casual corners. That parqueted door she had put down herself while Bertie was away, in case of illness; she was so grateful now to her own good genius for ever thinking of it.

One afternoon, as the duke lay on his bed in a semi-conscious state, with Linda by his side, George the footman came up bringing a card on a silver, one among dozens of similar cards of inquiry left each day at the door; but this one, George observed with a malicious smile, the gentleman had particularly requested might be carried upstairs direct to the duchess. In a moment the dozing patient was wide awake and restless. "Whose card is that, Linda?" he asked quite briskly, calling her by her Christian name outright for the very first time since his return from Norway.

Linda shrank back. The stars in their courses were fighting against her. With a terrible sinking at her heart she held it up before him. "Her husband read it unmoved: "Mr. Basil MacLaine," and then below in manuscript, "with very kind inquiries for the Duchess of Powysland."

"I see," the duke murmured with a groan, turning his face towards the wall. His kind inquiries are all for you, Linda."

The unhappy wife could answer nothing. She bent her head low, and burst into a silent flood of tears. Co- incidence and occasion were dealing very hardly by her. She cried long and bitterly, but Bertie lay still, with his face turned away, and took no further notice of her. It was a terrible position; but such as it was, she was bound to face it all through unaided.

For two long hours she sat there, with her head in her hands, and still her husband never spoke a word nor moved a finger, except to turn from time to time on his side restlessly. Yet now and again Linda fancied he was fumbling with something unseen beneath the bed-clothes. But he was ill, oh so ill!—how ill Linda hardly dared confess to herself, and that made things all the worse. For if Bertie were to die, feeling towards her like this, she didn't know how on earth she could ever look up again.

At five o'clock that evening, Sir Frederick called again. He was a little dried-up old man, with parched yellow skin, and small ferret eyes that seemed to pierce one through and through every time he looked at one. The moment he saw the duke, his round pursed lips and puckered forehead proclaimed at once to Linda's observant gaze that he found his patient much worse than he left him.

"What have you been giving him, duchess?" he asked in a very low tone. "No quackery, I hope; no nostrums, no hypnotism. This comatose condition is simply inexplicable. Did you let him have his tonic, as I told you, at three?" He shook his head much puzzled. "I can't at all understand it," he mumbled once more below his grey moustache. "Most singular; most singular."

"Yes," Linda faltered out. "I gave him the medicine myself, as you directed. Nobody else had fed him with anything, only her husband, returned home to her ill—seriously ill; and her one thought now was for his comfort and safety. In less than half an hour they had moved the duke upstairs and put him quietly in bed, and Sir Frederick Weston himself, the great specialist on typhoid, hastily summoned by special messenger from his house in Harley-street, was already in attendance.

It was a terrible time. Whatever

the duke's own plan might have been, this unexpected attack intervened to postpone or delay it. For a week or two he continued dangerously ill; and for a week or two Linda, already worried out with her constant care for Elizabeth Woodward, nursed him assiduously, with very little intermission. His attitude puzzled her. She couldn't quite make out what Bertie meant.

perfect paroxysm of horror, suspense, and misery. What on earth could it all mean? Why was Bertie so strange? And why did Sir Frederick forbid her to strictly wait at such a crisis upon her own dying husband?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

She sat there alone for an hour or two, each minute of which lengthened itself out to an eternity.

From time to time sounds came from the next room. First, as she judged, Sir Frederick arrived back with the medicine, and entrusted it to the nurse. That Linda rather resented, for so far she had given her husband everything with her own hands, and nobody should thwart her. "Sir Frederick or no Sir Frederick," she cried passionately, "I shall take care of my own husband in such straits as this. Let me alone, I tell you, I shall not leave the room. How do I know whether you two are treating him rightly or wrongly? When I came in here just now, you both of you left him entirely by himself—a sick man in his condition! How could you? How dare you? I shall stop here henceforth and watch over him till the end—till he gets well or doesn't get well. I shall never leave him. I shall sit here night and day. I can't go away from him."

"As your grace pleases," the nurse answered, in a very cold voice, watching her suspiciously with cat-like eyes as she held the glass to the duke's lips: "but my assistant and I will stop here to look after our patient. We've orders not to leave him alone with your grace one moment."

Amazed and blinded, Linda took her seat by the bed, and answered nothing. What it could all mean she hardly dared to realize, but come what might, she would stop there still and do her duty. Not even Bertie's awful smile should deter her from that. He had dozed off into a comatose sleep now. His breathing was heavy, long, and stertorous.

Presently the second nurse came back with some things in her hand she had taken down to wash. The moment her eye fell on Linda she started back in surprise, and looked inquiringly at her pale companion. Linda could almost see her lips form into the half-spoken words, "Not the duchess, surely?" The first nurse nodded a sullen acquiescence, accompanied by a gesture of depreciation, as who should say, "I couldn't help it; not my fault; but let her be now. Anything to avoid making a noise to disturb the patient." Linda glanced up and gave the newcomer a nod of polite recognition. The new nurse answered only by a remote inclination of her head and a stolid stare. Never in her life had Linda been treated with such cold contumely before. She felt these women were shunning her like some deadly thing; she felt Bertie by her side was dying, unforfeiting her.

The strain of the situation was too terrible for tears. She sat there, mute, like one dazed, her hand folded on her lap, and waited for what she felt was the inevitable end with parched eyes and mouth, and heart that stood still with the intensity of its horror.

By and bye the first nurse rose suddenly, as if struck by an idea, poured out a drop or two of the barley-water into a glass, tasted it, rolled it on her palate, pursed her lips judicially, and finally poured back the remainder, undrunk, into the jug, which she regarded for a few seconds with deep depression.

Then she lifted it in her hands, put it carefully into a corner cupboard, where several other jugs and bottles were already standing, locked the cupboard, and stuck the key in her pocket, and, last of all, touched the knob of the electric bell by the duke's bedside.

A housemaid answered the bell immediately. "Is any of the men servants out there?" the nurse asked under her breath.

"Yes, miss; there's a footman awaiting in the passage by Sir Frederick's order," the girl answered, in the same low tone, darting a compassionate glance at Linda in the corner of the bed-head.

"Send him in," the nurse said laconically. And the man entered. It was the same who had tried to prevent the duchess from entering.

"I want you to stop here with me while the other nurse goes downstair to Sir Frederick," the first speaker went on, addressing the footman in a scarcely audible whisper. "I must be left alone with the duke and duchess under these circumstances, for fear of consequences. Now, Emily, you go down and get some more barley-water yourself, and bring it up straight. When Sir Frederick comes up he'll want to look at it."

Linda glanced up hastily, and saw the second nurse depart with a nod of intelligence. The footman, eyeing her dark, stood there respectfully, still as a statue, after the went of his kind.

The chief nurse kept her gaze fixed steadily on Linda. By her side, Bertie was still breathing in the same laboured way, and his hand-clothes were heaving and falling slow and regularly.

The hours passed away, and no change came. Once, there was a slight murmur at the door, and Linda looked up inquisitively. Somebody had come in? Yes, Sir Frederick stood by her side, and gazed down with his wrinkled eyes at the patient. But he said nothing. He merely took a chair, and joined her in watching. It was a long, long watch, and all around was deathly silence.

One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock. At half-past four in the morning the doctor watched more anxiously. "It generally comes about now in these cases, if it comes at all," he whispered to the nurse at his side, utterly ignoring the sick man's wife, who sat there still at her post, all pale and trembling. "The effect gets strongest when the bodily functions are at their lowest ebb. I think he looks worse now. Breath comes and goes feebly. . . . H'm, I thought so. Pulse scarcely distinguishable."

Linda looked closer as she spoke, and saw that Bertie's breath hardly stirred the feathers the nurse was holding to his lips. A minute later, there came a very faint gasp, a rattle in the throat, a fierce clutch at the bedclothes. Then the mouth fell open suddenly with an ominous relaxation. Linda leant forward and clasped her hands convulsively upon her strained bosom.

"Dead!" she cried with a terrible burst of horror to think he should have died without even having spoken one last kind word to her.

"Oh, yes; he's dead, sure enough, madam," Sir Frederick answered, gazing hard at her. "You need be under no apprehensions at all on that score. He's quite dead. . . . And

now I think your grace had better go back to your own boudoir."

At his words a second doctor, not seen till then, stepped out from behind the curtain. "We'll take charge of the body," he said, with marked gravity. "This is my affair. Sir Frederick has called me in to assist him. And we can dispense with your grace's further attendance."

(To be continued.)

THE GARDEN.

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

ARMY LIFE.

These always benefit from being placed in the open air in summer, but they must not be exposed to frost or the plants will suffer. In fact, most plants are killed outright last winter, when they are exposed to such a cold winter. I have had the arums hardy in the open air in summer, but the water is not deep enough over them. But the water is deep enough over them to prevent the crowns being frozen, and the spring the plants burst into vigorous growth, and during the summer hundreds of blossoms were produced.

There are two little annual arums, which are not hardy in the open air in winter, but they grow well in a pot.

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There are two little annual

OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

Señor Lago is hard at work preparing for his Italian Opera season at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The season will last six weeks, commencing, as at present arranged, on Monday, October 19th, but I hope, and have good grounds for expecting, that Saturday, October 17th, may be the opening night. Señor Lago is naturally anxious to secure notices in the People and other weekly papers without waiting a week for them.

The orchestra, selected from that of the Royal Italian Opera, will include forty-five of our best instrumentalists, and, I am glad to announce, will be led by Mr. Carrodus. The chorus will be of first-rate quality, and the season will open with the first performance in England of Mascagni's renowned opera, in one long act, "Cavalleria Rusticana," which has been greeted enthusiastically at La Scala (Milan), and other Italian opera-houses; also in Germany, Spain, Portugal, Russia, &c.

The score of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is before me, and I have little doubt that it will prove as attractive in London as it has been elsewhere. It is full of delightful melodies, and the "Sicilianas" with which it opens is a musical gem. The choral music is varied and masterly, and "Rustic Chivalry" cannot fail to please. It will be performed thrice weekly.

Mr. Basil Tree, worthy successor of Mr. Ambrose Austin at St. James's Hall, has sent me his latest "list of forthcoming concerts for the season 1891-2." It will be welcomed by musicians and amateurs, who will find in it the dates of the forthcoming concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, London Symphony Concerts, London Ballad Concerts, Royal Choral Society Concerts, Sarasate, Concerts, and Richter Concerts.

Mr. Tree's list also includes the concerts of the Bach Choir, Sir Charles Hallé, the Westminster Orchestral Society, the Patti Concert, and those of Mr. Ambrose Austin and Mr. George Grossmith. With this carefully prepared list, music-lovers can see at a glance when and where the most attractive concerts will be given. Mr. Tree charges nothing for his list, and will forward it to any applicant who sends him a stamped and directed envelope.

The People's Concert Society's fifth annual season of Sunday Popular Concerts will open next month at South-place Institute, Finsbury, and concerts will be given on every Sunday evening until the middle of March. These excellent concerts—at which many distinguished artists give gratuitous aid—are admirably managed, and I hope that the ensuing season may prove as successful as that of last year.

My metropolitan readers should bear in mind that on Saturday, October 10th, the Crystal Palace concert season will commence. The prospectus of the ten concerts to be given before Christmas has been forwarded to me, and is full of attractions. Several additions will be made to the Crystal Palace repertory, and the list of leading artists includes the names of many public favourites.

Mdlle. Nikita is to appear at the Grand Opera, Paris, next spring, in Gounod's "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette," and is studying the parts of Marguerite and Juliette with the composer. On the 2nd of October, at Wolverhampton, she will begin a provincial tour, organised by Mr. Vert.

Mr. Barton McGuckin last week, with the aid of Mdlle. Zelie de Lussan and other able artists, gave a successful concert at Armagh, in aid of the Armagh Philharmonic Society. The popular tenor was presented by his friends and admirers with a clock, which is an exact model of the front of Westminster Abbey (including the chimneys), and is 36in. high. I presume that the donor did not wish to suggest that Mr. McGuckin occasionally keeps bad time? Perish the thought!

One night, during the recent festival at Hereford, a terrible rumour circulated that Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley, both domiciled at the same hotel, had quarrelled and were "pitching into each other." These distinguished artists have often joined in the execution of duets, but a dual performance with their fists was an interesting novelty. It turned out that one of the hotel servants had taken too many doses of "arduous spirits," and was "pitching into" his colleagues, who presently pitched him into the street, and Hereford was itself again.

OLLA PODRIDA.—I am glad to say that Sir Arthur Sullivan's health is completely restored.—Mr. Horace Sedger has purchased the sole rights of performing the forthcoming Gilbert-Cellier opera in the English provinces and America.—The musical play without words, "L'Enfant Prodigue," continues to draw such crowds to the Prince of Wales' Theatre that the Gilbert-Cellier opera is not likely to be produced for months to come.—"La Cigale" still attracts crowds to the Lyric Theatre.—The London rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival will commence to-morrow, under the direction of Herr Richter.—At the Leeds Festival, next year, a new cantata, composed by Mr. F. H. Cowen, will be produced.—The eminent violinist, Ernest de Munck, has been appointed professor of the violin at the Guildhall School of Music.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

So the great sea-serpent has turned up again. This time it is off the coast of New Zealand, and he has been seen twice. He is estimated to be 100ft. long, and to travel through the water with about 30ft. above the surface. At all events, those who report his appearance have a genuine belief that it was a huge serpent they saw, and not merely a colony. He is reported to look something like a conger eel, and to have two large flaps or fins. Those who tell the story are experienced sailors, and declare that it is likely to be a living creature. There is the possibility, of course, that such monsters do exist, and I would be loth to say that their existence may not some day be proved.

So many travellers' tales have been first laughed down and then proved up to the hilt. The great objection to it is this; how is it that no bones of great dead sea-serpents have been washed ashore? This can only be met by saying that sea-serpents are very scarce, that they live and die in very deep water, and that it so chances that none of their bones have been discovered. The question can never be settled till some one shoots one of them. Suggestion for the Admiralty

Employ an armed cruiser to prowl about Australasian waters till it finds and kills the great sea-serpent.

"A Cricklwood Correspondent" has sent me two insects which he discovered fighting on the Edgware-road just a mile from the Welsh Harp. One of them was a long-bodied beetle, generally known as the "devil's coach-horse"; the other was a hairy caterpillar. They were found in the centre of the highway fighting, and battled there for twenty minutes. Then they got into the grass on the footpath, and on being again placed out in the road continued their struggle until my correspondent had to leave,

taking the combatants with him. By the time I received them the caterpillar had succumbed to his injuries, but as the beetle was well and hearty, I let him out in the garden, where there are enough caterpillars at present to feed a thousand "devil's coach-horses." The caterpillar's back was regularly bitten to pieces, and large tufts of his hair had been pulled out. These beetles are very ferocious beasts. It is said that they are sometimes capable of inflicting rather a nasty little wound on human beings. Their jaws are very powerful, and their feeding is not always quite of the cleanest, so I can well believe this statement. If such a fight were magnified till both the combatants appeared the size of crocodiles, what a desperate affray it would seem!

Two white-feathered sparrows are noticed this week by correspondents. "J. A. S." has seen the one which is white on the top of the head, wings, and tail. The other, Mr. J. Steele, informs me, is to be seen any day at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

Mrs. H. Vincent sends an amusing account of an accident which befel her white kitten. The other day a fearful sound was heard proceeding from the drawing-room. It seemed as if someone was rending stiff paper, and at the same time thumping and rushing about. On entering the room the cat was observed rushing about like a mad thing under the tables, sofas, and other furniture. The truth soon appeared. Pussey had been on the table and had seated herself upon some fly-papers, which, being sticky, remained fixed on her when she attempted to move, and nearly frightened her out of her wits. They had to be pulled off by main force, so hard did they stick, and it was not till after this had been done that the family enjoyed a good laugh at the kitten's expense.

"Hazen" kindly gives me a useful hint for keeping my chameleon. It will be useful also to any of my readers who possess similar reptiles. In their natural state they drink the dew from the leaves by sucking or licking them; in confinement, therefore, they must be provided with artificial dew; that is, the leaves in their case must be well sprinkled with water every day. If this be not done the chameleon, who disdains to lap water from a saucer like a dog or cat, will perish sooner or later for the want of it.

Every night when my chameleon goes to sleep he becomes a dirty white or pale yellow colour. In the daytime he varies from quite pale to a regular black. Sometimes he is tinted all over with light green. There are certain spots on his flanks which vary also sometimes independently of the other colour.

In their native bushes, chameleons vary more; the green is then much more vivid, and I believe that they sometimes turn into a deep blue colour. But they are apt to disappoint the Englishman who has heard wonderful stories about their change of hue. To my mind the change of colouring is not so extraordinary, as some of the chameleon's other attributes, for other reptiles change or modify their hue, though, certainly, to a less extent.

"J. A. S." says that he knows of two instances in which spiders have killed toads by biting. One occurred about fifty-two years ago in Norfolk; the other in 1878 at Horseheath, Cambridgeshire.

"Nimrod," about six months ago, received a young wild buck rabbit. Recently he placed it with a Dutch doe, and last Saturday the doe gave birth to five young rabbits all like the buck. It is not usual for wild rabbits to breed in captivity, but I have frequently heard of their doing so.

Mr. W. Pearson has a female monkey from Java which apparently is suffering from consumption. It is wasting away, its bones are painfully visible, and its appetite has almost gone. It drinks a little warm milk. Its breathing is heavy, and it is constantly shivering. I fear there is nothing to be done to save the poor little beast. Javanese monkeys must of necessity suffer a great deal from our climate, seeing what a fearfully hot place Java is. If it were my monkey, however, I would try to save it by a vigorous administration of cod-liver oil. Give it a good dose of this every day and milk, and as much nourishing food as possible. Put on it a thick padded coat and keep it, if possible, in a cage in the kitchen or somewhere where there is constantly a fire. Of course it must never be in a draught or out of doors. In this way, you may be able to pull it through, although it will probably be difficult. You had better also get some hook on tame monkeys which will tell you fuller particulars; I believe that such are published.

THE ACTOR.

I believe it is no secret that Mr. Irving would have been glad if his two sons had not been taken to the stage. He gave each a good education, with opportunities of succeeding in other departments of life. In any profession they would have been welcomed and helped onward; and as, in the end, they have decided for the stage, we must assume that heredity was too strong for them, and that they have become players because they couldn't help it.

Of the two young gentlemen, Mr. Lawrence Irving is the wiser. He has joined Mr. Benson's travelling company, and is playing small parts in Shakspeare. Mr. H. B. Irving—"Harry," as his friends call him—has succumbed to the temptation to play a leading rôle in a Robertian comedy in a leading London theatre.

He did excellently at Oxford in the University theatricals, but he would have done well to have gone in for the drudgery of the profession. It was thus that his father became great in his art, and there is really no royal road to success in acting any more than there is in any other vocation.

However, we all wish young Mr. Irving well, and, personally, I think him capable of good things. He seems to have much of his father's individuality, and that, of course, is thrown away upon a milk-and-water, artificial rôle like that of Lord Beaufoy. The "hero" of "School" is little more than a barbers' block, and young Mr. Irving must find the rôle very difficult to play. He was evidently much more in his element when playing in Shakspeare at Oxford.

Many have been the triumphs of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry at the Lyceum. I don't think I ever heard in that theatre such up roarious applause as saluted Miss Ada Rehan on the first night of the production of "The Last Word." The house fairly rang with the cheers extorted by her superb performance in the second act. Miss Terry is the delight of all who behold her, but she has never raised, within the walls of the Lyceum, such wild enthusiasm as greeted Miss Rehan on the occasion I refer to.

This seeming singularity is quite easily explained. The ordinary Lyceum audience does not applaud loudly. Perhaps it thinks enthusiasm contrary to good manners. The audience which got so excited over Miss Rehan was not the ordinary Lyceum "crowd." That Miss Terry can extort the loudest and heartiest applause outside of the Lyceum was clearly demonstrated at the test of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union at Burnt Hill, Islington, the other evening, when

she was called out no fewer than eight times at the fall of the curtain on "Nance Oldfield." It is a pity the average Lyceum audience is so coldly "proper." The actors, I am sure, would be grateful for a little more display of pleasure and satisfaction.

Among those present at the second performance of "The Last Word" were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. The first and last of this trio began their provincial tour on Monday, compelled by the success of "Miss Demaine" to seek fresh woods and pastures new. "David Garrick" will be the principal feature of the tour, as on former occasions, and quite right too. Inimitable as Mr. Wyndham is in light comedy roles, there can be no question that his Garrick is an admirable and delightful performance—a much more admirable and delightful one than that of Sothern himself.

I hear that, when "A Pantomime Rehearsal" moves from the Shaftesbury to make way for Signor Lago, it will, in all probability, settle down at Tool's. It will be all the better for being witnessed in the smaller theatre. For so large a theatre as the Shaftesbury it is not well fitted. I am, however, surprised that the management has consented to lend Mr. Wadson Grossmith to Mr. Jones for his Avenue season. I do not see how Mr. Grossmith's place in "A Pantomime Rehearsal" can possibly be filled. "None but himself can be his parallel."

Was there ever an actress so much in request as Miss Fanny Brough? No sooner does she "create" a part and make a success in it, than she is whisked off to another theatre, to repeat the process. In a week or two she will go from Drury Lane to Terry's, and Miss Kate James will go from the Savoy to Old Drury to take her place. The fact is very characteristic of theatrical London, in which actors are continually emigrating from one spot to the other. How different from the old days, when actors stayed long at one theatre and came to be identified with it! I confess I prefer the old fashion to the new. London theatrical life is considerably too kaleidoscopic in its variations for the taste of yours truly.

OLD IZAAK.

Thames Fishing keeps fairly good. John Keene, jun., who has just been honoured with a river keeper's warrant in connection with the T.A.P.S., has been out six days at Staines, and in two of his takes all the fish were returned to the river again. These were Mr. Waterer's, of seven barbel, six dozen roach and dace, two fine perch (the largest 1lb. 10oz.), and Mr. Henderson's, of eight dozen roach and dace, and five barbel. A 9lb. barbel has been taken at Penton Hook, and a 1lb. perch at Chertsey. At Sunbury, and other places, barbel are apparently off feed. The Strouds have taken eighteen jack, the largest 10lb., and at Kingston, John Johnson's record for the week is eighteen dozen roach and dace, six jack, five barbel, and seven chub.

The T.A.P.S. obtained a conviction in the Surbiton sowercress, a fine of twenty shillings being inflicted. The examination of takes from punds and bank continues. In addition to the fifty-three punds (the number intended to have been given last week) thirty-one punds, and a considerable number of bank anglers, between Hampton and Staines, have since been visited, and not one unsizable fish was found.

There is nothing of consequence to report from the Lee, and a flood is wanted to put things in order. In most places I hear the water is bright and woody, and but few good fish have come to bank. At Pulborough good takes are recorded, and the jack are coming on. Mr. Palmer, of the Anchor and Hope, took a 6-pounder from the water rented by the Central Association on Saturday last. Since then I hear of further catches, and one of 10lb. has been weighed in at the Swan.

It drinks a little warm milk. Its breathing is heavy, and it is constantly shivering. I fear there is nothing to be done to save the poor little beast. Javanese monkeys must of necessity suffer a great deal from our climate, seeing what a fearfully hot place Java is. If it were my monkey, however, I would try to save it by a vigorous administration of cod-liver oil. Give it a good dose of this every day and milk, and as much nourishing food as possible. Put on it a thick padded coat and keep it, if possible, in a cage in the kitchen or somewhere where there is constantly a fire. Of course it must never be in a draught or out of doors. In this way, you may be able to pull it through, although it will probably be difficult. You had better also get some hook on tame monkeys which will tell you fuller particulars; I believe that such are published.

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JACK ALLROUND.

Mulberries appear to be very plentiful in some parts of the country this year, and several correspondents write to ask me to give them advice about utilising the crop for winter use. I am sorry "Cook" was not earlier in her application for a recipe for making mulberry wine. My column was already in type last week when her letter came, but even last week she would have been too late, as she said the mulberries were ripe then, and for wine-making they should be gathered before they are quite ripe. She need not, however, let the fruit go to waste. "Moirs" also writes to say she has "such an immense crop of mulberries" it will be an act of great kindness" if I tell her how to make them into a preserve. "S. T." "The Wood Bird," and "O. O." desire to make their mulberries into either a jam or a beverage. A beverage I can highly recommend to households in which coughs and colds are prevalent in the winter is mulberry vinegar. Take, let us say, six pounds of ripe mulberries, put them into an earthenware pan, and pour over them just enough of the best vinegar to cover them. Let them so for twenty-four hours, then bruise them up with a wooden spoon, well stirring them, throw a cloth over the pan, and let them stand for another twenty-four hours, then bruise them again and mix them up and add more vinegar, until to the six pounds of fruit you have added just one pint short of a gallon of vinegar. They must then stand for one week longer in the vinegar, and will be stirred up once every day. At the end of the week strain the liquor, and to every pint add one pound of loaf sugar. Boil and strain carefully all the time, let it boil for five or six minutes, and when cold bottle securely. This is used just like raspberry vinegar as a drink, diluted with hot or cold water to taste. With cold water it is very refreshing in case of fever.

To make mulberry syrup, which "S. T." asks for, you take any amount you please of thoroughly ripe berries, put them in a jar, and set the jar in a vessel of boiling water; this will separate the juice from the fruit, and as it comes away pour it off, and when you think the mulberries are done strain through a sieve without pulping or squeezing the fruit. It will take about three-quarters of an hour to extract the juice in this way. To each pint of the juice allow one pound of good loaf sugar, strain carefully, and boil it to a thick syrup, and when cold bottle and cork securely. This syrup, when diluted with water, is considered particularly good in cases of sore throat.

For the preserved mulberries you first place some mulberries, according to the quantity you intend making, in a jar, and extract the juice by placing the jar in boiling water as above directed for the syrup. For making the preserve do not use a copper pan; a white enamelled saucepan is the proper utensil. Take, say, one pint of the juice expressed as above, put it in the enamelled pan with two and a half pounds of slightly crushed loaf sugar, stir until the sugar is quite dissolved, and keep it boiling for about five minutes, skimming carefully. To this add about two pounds of mulberries, all chosen fruit, without any bruised berries. Move them gently in the syrup, and let the pan stand by the side of the fire until the preserve is hot through, then boil very gently for half an hour, after which put the pan with the preserve in it aside to cool till next day. On the next day again let it first heat through by the side of the fire, and boil gently, stirring carefully so as not to break the berries. When so dropping a little of the syrup on a cold plate you find it sets firm, you will know the preserve is done; put it into the crocks, and when cold cover closely.

In reply to "Squint" and "Unemployed," who ask how to clean "very dirty glass windows that have not been cleaned for years and are stained with gas, &c.," and "how to clean and polish glass windows, mirrors, and picture-glasses, so as to do you credit, and how to get paint stains off the glass." A very effective method for removing paint stains from glass windows is to make a mixture of three parts potash and one part caustic lime. Mix this into a paste, and lay it on with a padded stick; leave it on for a few hours, or for a whole day, and you will generally find the paint quite soft when you rub it off. If not, repeat the process. But I have known paint stains got off by the simpler method of a strong solution of washing soda in hot water applied every half hour until you find the paint soft; then clean the windows all over. For mirrors and picture-glasses, I find nothing cleans them or keeps them clean longer with a good polish than paraffin. Dip a soft rag in a little paraffin, rub it well over every atom of the dull, clouded glass, then wipe it off thoroughly with another clean rag, and finally polish with a clean, soft duster. For gas-stained, very dirty windows as good a thing as you can use is a pretty strong solution of washing soda in warm water; saturate a wash leather with this, wring it out to get rid of superfluous moisture, and wash the windows thoroughly with that, going over them a second time if necessary, and polish off with a clean dry soft duster.

"M. A. P." says:—"The mushrooms are in great abundance with us just now. Kindly favour me with a recipe for making ketchup." "E. W." wishes for a recipe for making mushroom ketchup "that will keep well for two years." I have known ketchup to keep for that time, but I have known many more cases where it did not keep very well, even for a year, although the recipe used in both instances was identically the same. A great deal depends upon the judgment of the maker, and attention to seemingly small points of detail, such as storing the sauce when made in not only clean but perfectly dry bottles, corking and sealing the bottles securely, storing in a dry place where it will not be subject to great changes of temperature, and never using mushrooms that have been gathered during heavy rain. Ketchup made with such mushrooms is almost sure to get mushy, and will only keep for a short time. I generally advise that ketchup should be examined every few months, and if it shows any appearance of unsoundness the whole lot should be reboiled with a few peppercorns, which should be strained off when reboiling. So much for keeping the condiment.

Many cooks advise that the mushrooms should be gathered in the morning before the full sun has shone long upon them. The full-grown sap mushrooms are to be used. Put the mushrooms fresh gathered into a deep earthenware pan in layers, alternating with a good sprinkling of salt. You should use three-quarters of a pound of salt in this way to each pound of mushrooms; let them remain thus for four or five hours, then break them up with your hands, washing them well, place the pan in a cool place for three or four days, occasionally stirring them up and breaking them well to get out all the juice. In the evening of the last day place two chairs back to back and tie on them a rather thin bag, suspending it between the backs of the two chairs. Have a glass vessel under to receive the juice, which should be let run all night. To each quart of the juice allow one ounce of salt (some put in two ounces), four or five cloves, half an ounce of peppercorns, half an ounce whole ginger, and one or two blades of mace. Put the spices and juice into a stone jar, cover it up closely, and place it in a sauceman of boiling water, set

on the fire and let it boil for three hours, pour it into a jug, and let it stand till next day in a cool place. Then pour it carefully off into another jug, being careful not to shake it, but to let all the sediment remain in the first jug, then strain it into dry, clean bottles. Many cooks at this point add a few drops of brandy to every pint of ketchup. You may clear the ketchup by straining it finally either once or twice through a fine flannel bag.

I am consulted by "Cornishman" about the reworking of a meerschaum pipe, and cannot do better than send him the following, for which I am very much obliged to "A Retired Wholesale Perfumer," who writes:—"To repair a pipe put it on a piece of flannel in a cool oven with a piece of beeswax—pure wax not mixed with paraffin. When the wax begins to melt rub it all over the pipe, and when the surface is dull again rub by absorption of the wax put on another coat. Keep the temperature of the oven at only just the melting point of wax, and when the pipe will not absorb any more wax polish off the excess with a silk handkerchief. With care the pipe can be warmed over a gas stove, holding it high above the flame and the wax rubbed on as soon as hot enough.

"The Bee," "Sour Grapes," and "Mabel" all find their out-door grapes show no sign of ripening this year, and request I will give them a recipe for green grape wine. They must then stand for one week longer in the vinegar, and will be stirred up once every day. At the end of the week strain the liquor, and to every pint add one quart of cold water, then boil for five or six minutes, and when cold bottle securely. This is used just like raspberry vinegar as a drink, diluted with hot or cold water to taste. With cold water it is very refreshing in case of fever.

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In answer to "Marie," "Salopian," "Theo. F.," and "Young Cook," I give a recipe for preserving vegetable marrow. Select a fully grown, but not over ripe, marrow or marrows as the case may be; weigh the fruit before cutting it up, and allow exactly the same weight of loaf sugar. Pare the marrow, remove the seeds and the soft part next the seeds, and cut the fruit into pieces of about one inch thick and two inches long. Put them into basin with layers of sugar between layers of the marrow, and to every three pounds of the fruit you weighed at the beginning allow one tablespoonful of whole ginger well bruised and tied up in muslin bags. Let these all lie together till next day, when the juice that has run out may be poured over the remainder of the sugar; then boil all the liquid and sugar without the fruit, skimming it carefully. When boiled and skinned add the cut up fruit, also the juice and thinly pared rind of one lemon to each pound of fruit, boil slowly till the fruit and lemon peel are clear. Many consider it well just before removing the preserve from the fire to add two glasses of brandy to about nine or ten pounds of fruit.

"Peter the Great" wishes to know "the best way of preserving in any form Siberian crabs, either for jam or jelly." The Siberian crabs ought not to be quite ripe when used, as the raw crabs are mealy and easily lose their pleasant flavour. Use a white enamelled saucepan for making the preserve. Suppose you preserve one pint of the crabs, first put one pint of water into the white-lined pan, with four or five cloves, a small piece of whole ginger bruised, and about an inch of cinnamon; boil these until the water is pleasantly flavoured, then strain it and make it into a syrup by boiling it with a pound of loaf sugar, skimming it carefully; then let it stand till quite cold. Rub the crabs with a piece of soft cloth, being careful not to break the skin; leave about an inch or an inch and a half of stalk on each fruit, and prick the fruit with a needle at the stalk end to prevent the skin bursting when boiling. When the syrup is quite cold, put the pint of prepared crabs into it and bring them to the fire, let them warm very slowly just up to the boil, then remove them from the fire and let them get quite cold; then heat again gently up to boiling, remove and let get cold, and so repeat for three times at least and until the crabs are clear. When the crabs are clear, lift them out carefully into the jars and pour the syrup over them, let them get cold, put brandy papers on the top, and cover the jars in the usual way. Many cooks take three days to make the preserve, as it must get quite cold between each boiling. Siberian crab jelly is made exactly the same way as ordinary apple jelly.

DUMAS' MODE OF LIFE. A friend of Dumas gives some very interesting facts about the great author's daily methods of life and work. He is an early riser, being up at 6.30 in the summer, and a half hour later in the winter. After dressing he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends, and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals; which, indeed, with French papers, is a thing which may very well happen. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about 4, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at 7, and goes to bed between 10 and 11. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper. He enjoys exercise, and plays billiards with his friends often; find him in his shirt sleeves, feather duster in hand, cleaning his study. He is very fond of his grandchildren, and willingly gives up an hour at any time to their servants.

RAILWAY DISASTER IN GERMANY. ELSEY PERSONS KILLED. A telegram from Gladstone reports a terrible railway accident near the Russo-German frontier. Two passenger trains came into collision at a place between Goloszow and Wolszom. Four railway officials were killed and five severely injured, while of the passengers seven were killed and twenty grievously hurt. The crash of the collision of the two trains was terrific. They were travelling at a good pace and met one another in the most extraordinary way, and are more masses of crumpled up metal. Eight carriages were also smashed literally to pieces. The fire from the engines set light to the wreckage, which blazed fiercely. The trains in Germany are always accompanied by a large number of guards. This accounts for the noticeable loss of life among the railway servants.

A GIPSY'S CURSE. At Leeds, Mrs. Hall, proprietor of a travelling doll-stall, was charged at the instance of Mrs. White, proprietor of a travelling peastall, with using threatening language. Mrs. White, a gipsy-looking woman, attired in a gay-coloured dress, and wearing a large resplendent hat to match, said that on August 29th she was conversing with a friend at Crossgate Show, where she had her stall. She was just remarking that business was good, when defendant came up and said, "Yes, you always do well." Witness retaliated, and a wordy warfare took place, during which defendant said she would do for her, or take it out of her. All witness wanted was peace and protection. Defendant said she was sorry, but the quarrel arose as follows: She was standing near her own doll-stall when she saw a number of men near Mrs. White's peastall. Jocularly she asked if they were going to eat it up, whereupon Mrs. White turned round and fiercely demanded, "What the — has it to do with you?" Of course she then retorted, but Mrs. White said she hoped "the damnation curse would fall on her, her child, and her husband." Since then she had lost her baby by death and her husband had been in the infirmary. Defendant's father was buried over in the sum of £5 to see that his daughter kept the peace for six months.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MOTHER-KEEPER. A penny saved is never a penny gained. If you have a young child, you will be surprised to find how much you have to pay. Better to buy Bovril's Timed Baking Powder, which is absolutely guaranteed. Send 1s. 6d. postage paid.

SUE'S STORY.

Look how the mist upon the city falls. Like darkness upon darkness. Since the light I've been a-working pent between four walls, And glad I am to be with you to-night. I'm but a working girl, Liz, so are you. But we have loved, and, lass, we are together; We've had some hard times since we met, that's true, But love can lull the stormiest kind of weather.

Ah! Liz, I'm glad I met you in St. Paul's That Sunday, for my heart was hard and low. And I was thinking of a light that fails O'er sunny hills that once I used to know. And, noting my sad face, you kindly spoke A word, and we've been friendly since that day.

My thoughts don't often wander from the smoke.

But just now they've gone off, Liz, right away.

Towards those hills; but there, it isn't right To worry when I've happiness at last.

I feel at times so hard about the past; I wonder why my heart's so soft to-night.

I wonder what he's thinking of to-night? There, I'm off again. You ask "Who's he?"

Why, some one, lass, who made youth's morning bright.

I wonder if he ever thinks of me.

I can't help wondering. It's foolish when I know so much of all the ways of men.

But we can take sometimes from bygone days.

A flower to sweeten all life's winter ways.

Trouble is strength, and I have had my share.

But I believe that nought is sent in vain.

And then they say there is a country where The past becomes the present once again.

I trust 'tis so, for I should love to see

That smile again before the world had bought it.

As bright, as boyish, and as nobly free

From this world and its ways as once I thought it.

But there, when one heart's false there's two that's true,

The world took him and heaven gave me you.

I am a country girl, Liz, that you know I've left it now full ten long years ago.

I came to labour in the city great

And to forget what is but woman's fate—

To be forgotten. I was once called fair;

You'd never think it, lass, to look at me.

With all these marks of sickness and of care,

You couldn't fancy what I used to be.

And many said they loved me, but my heart

Was given away to him; his very look

Seemed of the sunny side of life a part.

Just like the pictures in a story book.

My wedding-day was fixed, when I fell ill

And lay for months fighting for my life,

And when I did get back some strength and will

I asked for him. I was so near his wife.

But friends said "Wait," and bid me be content

A little while. I wondered what they meant.

I waited, but the hours were long and cold

Without him, and at last I sent

For him to come and cheer me as of old.

He sent me word he'd come. I was so glad,

And treasured all the little strength I had,

And counted all the minutes that must pass

Before he came, and then I would have dressed

Myself in what he liked the best.

But none of them would let me see the glass.

He came. I went to him—he shrank away.

The soul within me seemed to turn to clay.

I held my arms out; love had made me bold.

I dreamt of no black blight upon my youth;

He kissed me, but his kiss was strange and cold.

And then upon me flashed the dreadful truth:

My life from lovers' love was ever buried.

No, Liz, don't blame him, he was but a man,

And men love beauty since the world began.

You know the truth—my face—my face was scarred.

Don't cry, Liz. It has eased my mind.

To tell you when I look behind,

And not before, I seem to grow

More like the Sue of long ago.

Aye, lass, these marks upon my brow

Are better than the spots of sin.

My heart is growing soft again somehow.

Those hills at home must look real fine just now—

I wonder if the corn is gathered in.

RIVER STEAMBOATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."

Sir—I am pleased to see in your issue of to-day that you have taken up the matter respecting the danger of overcrowding the steamboats. As a frequent passenger, I have often felt nervous, besides having been unmercifully, by having been packed like sardines from Westminster to the Victoria Pier. But the overcrowding is not the only danger and nuisance that one encounters. One evening last week, when returning from Kew, on passing under Putney Bridge, some disgusting persons deliberately spewed in my face, and upon my complainings to some of the company's servants, they said that they were frequently struck themselves with stones thrown from the bridge by mischievous boys. I think the stormiest kind of weather.

But love can lull the stormiest kind of weather.

Ah! Liz, I'm glad I met you in St. Paul's That Sunday, for my heart was hard and low.

And I was thinking of

THE THEATRES

LYCEUM.

To the great satisfaction of educated playgoers, Mr. Daly has changed the programme of his comedians from the frivolous "Night Off" to the stimulating entertainment, more fitted to display the quality of his company, bearing the suggestive title of "The Last Word," presented on the 19th inst. for the first time in London. The story opens well at a New York ball, whose host is an American Secretary of State who regulates his family with the disciplinary strictness with which he rules his office. Primarily it is seen that an elderly beau, whose name of Aicey aptly expresses his nature, is enamoured of a certain young Russian baroness, whose affections, however, are enlisted elsewhere in favour of Harry, the son of the statesman, a young doctor, too immersed, as it seems, when first introduced, to feel personal inkling for any woman. All this is speedily changed when the abstracted bookworm is brought within the witching influence of the impulsive Muscovite baroness. In a lively dialogue between these two young people, as played by Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. John Drew, the lady breaks down the gentleman's indifferent coldness towards herself throughout a highly diverting scene, reminiscent throughout of the analogous wooing of the bashful Modus by his cousin Helen in "The Hunchback." The serious strain of the plot is developed through the rejection of the baroness's brother, Boris, by the stern secretary as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, Faith, by reason of the enthusiastic young Russian gentleman having implicated himself with the nihilists. But the warm-hearted young lady has inherited enough of her parent's indomitable will to cause her to repudiate his disposal of her in marriage to a German diplomat by yielding herself, in the face of himself and all his guests, to her lover, Boris. Harry, having much of his father's sternness in his own composition, sides with him in rejecting Boris as his sister's fiance until the fascination of the baroness, through a scene which, defying verbal description, must be witnessed to be appreciated in its enjoyable freshness, suddenly reverses his hard purpose by turning him from his sister's bitter adversary into her enthusiastic champion. In this happily changed mood Harry makes an appeal to his father to forgive Faith, and consent to her betrothal to the young Russian; but all in vain, for instead of this iron statesman being moved to parental pity for his daughter he is incited to quarrel with her advocate and to cast him off even as he has done Faith. This untoward issue recounted to the baroness, she avows her resolve to behead the lion himself, and proceeds to seek him in his own lair. Received with a cold hauteur at first and brusquely dismissed as soon as her errand of mercy is told to the secretary, she pleads to him by revealing the story of her own earlier life, hitherto veiled from all—how, wedded when a mere girl by her father to a man she did not love, she grew to loathe the husband thus tied to her, until he, dying, left her free, a widow. Stirred to his heart's depths by this plaintive narrative, the stern father is at last compelled to yield. Here the story virtually closes, the remaining act serving to tie up the threads of the story in a matrimonial knot. As the excitable young Russian widow, giving utterance to her feelings through English so charming as broken by her that not one would wish to mend it, Miss Rehan fairly took the house by storm throughout the lighter and merrier scenes, and then swaying the emotions of the audience at her will, moved them to tearfulness by the gentle quietude of her pathos. No wonder, with such a pleader, that the hard secretary, melting towards his children, became as clay in the hands of the potter. Mr. Drew enacted the perplexed bookworm, lover, fascinated at first by the widow's witchery, almost against his will and to his own great surprise, with a full expression of the humour of the character, while his earnest protest against his father's harshness to his sister was delivered with a manly fervour, contrasting admirably against his primary hesitation as a lover. Mr. Lewis, appearing in unwonted guise as the flippant elderly lover who transfers his affections from one lady to another as easily as he would change his boots, brightened the action by his quaint humour. The sternness of the secretary's nature found a convincing exponent in Mr. George Clarke, who relieved a character otherwise repulsive by making its hardness to be prompted solely by a sense of duty. A clever set-off against this social tyrant was exhibited in the part of his brother, a gentle musical composer, as enacted by Mr. C. Wheatear. The enthusiasm of the young Russian lover, Boris, found a gallant and sympathetic representative in Mr. Sidney Herbert; while Mr. C. Leclercq scored in his portrayal of a Hebrew financier. Both these gentlemen, by the way, though American by adoption, are remembered as being English by birth and training. As the pretty sweethearts of the play, Miss Isabel Irving and Miss Cheatham had little to do but to be graceful and bright, which by help of nature and art they were without effort. The play—an adaptation from the German—bristles with smart sayings, among which the most mirth-moving were "A woman can do almost anything with a man when there is not another woman," and a lady, reminding the elderly beau that "his heart, like an hotel, changes boarders every day," is answered by him: "Well, I treat them well while they stay." "The Last Word" throughout was received with such evidences of gratification as argues for a continued run.

GARRICK.

"Better a dinner without wine than the Garrick without Hare" was the sententious grumble of an old playgoer when it got wind that the master of the elegant playhouse, named after the brightest of English comedians was to re-open for the winter without its presiding genius—at any rate, at the outset of the season. The saying became the more worthy of acceptance, it being borne in mind that the play with which the Garrick was to recommence its business of pleasure—the pretty comedy of "School" adapted by the late T. W. Robertson from the German "Achsenbrödel"—was one of the success of which, on its primary production at the little theatre off Tottenham Court-road, was half due to the fresh and vivid characterisation of its chief male personage by Mr. Hare, whose Beau Farintosh, the exquisite, old-fashioned, well-bred man of the world, stands out with aristocratic distinction in the long gallery of elderly gentlemen of our own time portrayed with such keen differentiation by this purely humorous comedian. But though the master of the house was himself to be away on its reopening, consolation was found in the assurance that his guiding voice and experienced eye would be present as director of the rehearsals of this interesting revival. For it is an open secret that Mr. Hare, shrewdly taking into account the two interesting histrionic tyros, in the persons of his own son and that of Mr. Irving, included in the cast, has more than once broken away from his provincial touring company, and returned to town, where from his own stage he has superintended with more than customary care and assiduity the personal and scenic preparation for the reproduction of the comedy, so intimately identified with himself

and with an entirely new cast of characters. Mr. Hare, even with such intelligent interpreters as surrounded him, had his work to do, for playgoers of the older generation, at any rate could not remember that two at least of the characters to be re-enacted had been severally impersonated at one time by himself and Mrs. Bancroft, who had created a standard of excellence not to be reached without studious effort even by such accomplished players and accepted favourites as Mr. Mackintosh and Miss Annie Hughes. However, as comparisons are not only trying to the new comers and proverbially odious, it will be best perhaps to discuss the latest representations of "School" purely upon their own merits. Miss Kate Burke was a sensitive and tender Bella, serving by contrast as a foil for the sportive, light-hearted Naomi, as enacted by Miss Annie Hughes, whose hold upon the audience was as fascinating as ever, acting, as this bright little lady did, with her quaint humour and vivacity. The "School" girls looked pretty; the scenery was charming. Miss Fanny Robertson was a dignified Mrs. Streliffe; Mr. Mackintosh, marvellously made up, gave a most artistic and life-like portrait of Beau Farintosh—the chief success of the evening; Mr. Garthorne played Jack Poyntz; as a heavy swell Mr. Gilbert Hare acted really well, but much improves by practice; Mr. H. B. Irving is manly looking, but at present pitching his voice too high a key, copies his father's mannerisms in a marked manner; Mr. Vincent played Dr. Streliffe with a fine air of benevolence and rich humour. The play was received with much favour, and bids fair to renew its old and oft-repeated success on its present revival.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. These evergreen and versatile enterainers celebrated their twenty-sixth anniversary on Monday last, and, as usual, packed the St. James's Hall, both at the morning and evening entertainments with enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Moore explained in a neat and interesting little speech that he and Mr. Burgess have had a partnership of over a quarter of a century within the same walls. It is certainly a record to be proud of. During this period their success has been uninterrupted, and many thousands of people have shown their appreciation of performances in which there is plenty of fun without a trace of vulgarity. As evidence of this Mr. Moore pointed out that his best customers are women and children, although there has never been wanting strong adult male element. To the older people the first part of the programme especially appeals, for it is made up of songs many of which did service a quarter of a century ago, and shows no sign of waning popularity. Mr. Moore, who let drop the fact that he is sixty-four years old, showed remarkable agility, as well as power of vocalisation in the plantation medley, and in the story of the fate of "Ten little niggers." Mr. Clement Stewart sang "Oh would I were a bird," in finished style, and would undoubtedly have been encored had such a thing been permitted in St. James's Hall. What may be called the "serious" half of the entertainment concludes with a very laughable travesty on "La Sonnambula," in which the members of the troupe are "portrayed" into a series of waxwork figures. The second part of the programme, which Mr. Moore described as "tum-foolery," opens with a song and a dance by Mr. Leonard, in the guise of an African damsel with a decided taste for Parisian military. This "African Pearl" is succeeded by Mr. Tom Birchmore, whose "expatiation on modern events" is a stump oration of the inconsequential and grotesque order that never fails to move an audience to laughter. But the principal attraction of the Mohawk Minstrels, announces his annual benefit in his usual quaint style. It is to take place on Thursday, October 8th, and already the walls of Islington are placarded with the announcement that if Father Time will not permit the new songs he has composed for this occasion to be sung, they must be reserved for some other evening.—Sandow will appear at the Tivoli on Monday, with a new repertoire of muscular feats. He will carry a live horse across the stage, support a grand piano and players upon his chest, and turn a somersault whilst holding a 56lb. weight in each hand.—The Thursday concert season at the Royal Victoria Hall will recommence on October 1st, when Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. D. Lewis, and others will take part in a grand ballad concert. The science lectures, variety entertainments, &c., continue to enjoy the popularity they deserve.

THE OUTLYING THEATRES. Misses Wilmet and Freeman are certainly among the best thanks of the play-going residents of Islington, for few theatres outside of the Strand radius can boast of a record such as the Grand enjoys for the year 1891. Not long ago those indefatigable caterers arranged a short series of Italian Opera, with artists from Covent Garden at their theatre, and now we find the autumn season in full swing, having been set going by the engagement of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum company, who this week have been succeeded by a company that has been on tour with the successful play, "L'Enfant Prodigue." M. Carré and Wormser's delightful wordless play is, on the whole, well treated by the company engaged at the Grand, and will remain in the bill for another six nights. "L'Enfant Prodigue" is preceded by a short pantomime, "London by Night," better known as "On the Roofs," in which Mr. Charles Laura appears by permission of the Alhambra directorate.—Mr. George Conquest has produced Mr. H. Pettitt's drama, "Taken from Life," in no mean style. Although the piece will be played for a few weeks only, the greatest possible care would seem to have been exercised in the mounting and staging, whilst the appearance of the Surrey company is a guarantee that the piece has been enacted to the approval of the patrons of this theatre, who being good judges of the drama, must have found Mr. Pettitt's work exceedingly entertaining. Mr. George Conquest, jun., has found in Titus Knott a character well suited to his humorous disposition, and loud has been the laughter aroused by the eccentricities of that peculiar person. Mr. C. J. Hargreaves is commendable as Walter Lee, Mr. C. Cruikshank makes an excellent Socialist, Mr. E. Lennox is a capital exponent of John Denby, Kate is charmingly impersonated by Miss A. Conway, and the piquant Miss Laura Dyson is delightful as Bella. The other characters have equally capable exponents, several of whom have opportunities in the farce, "The Dumb Belle," more especially Mr. F. Conquest and Mr. H. Belding.

Apropos of the memorial to Christopher Marlowe just unveiled at Canterbury, the most important fact to general readers of poetry who have not as yet made acquaintance with the founder of the English drama is that he introduced in its formulation the noblest metrical measure of our language—blank verse; which means that, but for Marlowe, "Paradise Lost" would never have existed in its present noble shape, and that not only Milton, but Shakespeare, and after them Dryden, must one and all have used another and less fitting vehicle of verse for their works but for Marlowe.—Among the 150 plays in which Miss Ada Rehan is credited with having acted is that of Pierrot in "L'Enfant Prodigue." According to a contemporary, whose representative has interviewed this gifted lady, her adoption of the stage was the result of an accident, she having been thrust by her brother-in-law, a theatrical manager, at Newark, New Jersey, as stopgap into a part

at the age of 15. As this occurred in 1873, Miss Rehan must by computation not be over thirty-third year. She gives her experience of British audiences as follows:—"I do not think that the Americans are nearly so demonstrative as the English. Your pit and gallery when they are pleased leave no room for doubt."—Miss Eliza Terrian as Arrah na Pogue in the drama so-named after its heroine, now nightly playing at the Princess's, sings with charming effect a pretty Irish ballad called "Going to Kildare."—The first of the series of the plays of Mr. Finero to be published will be one as yet unacted, to be produced in October by Mr. Terry at his own theatre and called "The Time," the title, by the way, of a piece by the late Padgrave Simpson, brought out by him thirty-five years ago at the Old Olympic. The cast will include, besides Mr. Terry, Messrs. F. Thorne, Lovell, and Esmond, with Madeline Elwood, Helena Daedre, A. Leighton, F. Tanner, A. Hill, and Fanny Brough. On the night of the production of Mr. Finero's latest contribution to the stage a copy of the play will be presented at the conclusion of its performance to every visitor who has witnessed it.—"Under a Mask" is the name of the new play, to be given by Messrs. H. Hamilton and Mark Quinton, to follow "The Idler" at the St. James's, which re-opens on Wednesday next.—When at the Garrick, "School" has run its course, it will probably be followed by a revival of the same author's "Cast."—The new play with which Mr. Tools promised to re-open his own theatre on his return to town will be a comedy, by Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of the keen satire skit upon "Hedda Gabler," in which Mr. Tools was made up to resemble the real bogman of the latter-day drama, Ibsen.—Under the direction of Mr. F. J. Leslie, two trials of new plays are to be given at the Globe; one next Thursday of a drama, by Messrs. Barlow and North, and the other on the 5th October of a farcical comedy, by Mr. J. H. Abbot, called "The Parson." Like his pieces, both of these authors are as yet untried.—Mr. Harry Nicholls will, by his own special desire, not be included in the cast of the next Drury Lane pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty." A fitting embodiment for this legendary tumbler has been found in "Little Tich" of the music-hall, with a stature of 2ft. 6in.—Now that Mr. Gilbert Hare has found out the "line" in which his abilities lie by his admirable portrayal of the ill-conditioned tutor, Mr. Kru, in "School," the stage evidently gains in him an artistic exponent of strongly-marked eccentric characters, in which, as a comedian, he will prove a worthy son of his accomplished father.—"The Good Old Times" will be produced at the Britannia on Monday, supported by the regular company.—Mr. G. A. Payne announces a change of programme at the Canterbury on Monday, when the two ballets "Work and Play" and "The Elements" will be produced.—"Proof" will be played at Sadler's Wells next week, supported by Mr. Richardson's company.—Owing to Mr. W. Bailey's appointment as manager of the Alhambra, Mr. Lake has kindly allowed his annual benefit at the Metropolitan to take place on Tuesday, October 6th, a month earlier than usual.—"East Lynne" is to be revived at the Standard next week, "Siberia" will be produced at Stratford, "Marjorie" at the Elephant and Castle, and at the Parkhurst Mr. H. Batterby's Children's Opera Company will appear in a series of comic operas. There will be a matinée at the latter theatre on Saturday next, when the same company will be seen in "My Sweetie."—The following evening, Hesley visited her, and

THEY WALKED OUT TOGETHER. Mr. Harry Hunter, the popular interlocutor of the Mohawk Minstrels, announces his annual benefit in his usual quaint style. It is to take place on Thursday, October 8th, and already the walls of Islington are placarded with the announcement that if Father Time will not permit the new songs he has composed for this occasion to be sung, they must be reserved for some other evening.—Sandow will appear at the Tivoli on Monday, with a new repertoire of muscular feats. He will carry a live horse across the stage, support a grand piano and players upon his chest, and turn a somersault whilst holding a 56lb. weight in each hand.—The Thursday concert season at the Royal Victoria Hall will recommence on October 1st, when Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. D. Lewis, and others will take part in a grand ballad concert. The science lectures, variety entertainments, &c., continue to enjoy the popularity they deserve.

CHARGE AGAINST AN EDITOR. At the Mansion House, Dr. Philip Howard Davis, a journalist, of 171, Queen Victoria-street, attended before the Lord Mayor on a summons, at the instance of Mr. Thomas Heywood, charging him with using threats towards him whereby he (Mr. Heywood) was in bodily fear of him. Mr. Treadwell, solicitor, appeared for the complainant; Mr. A. Gill was counsel for the defence.—Mr. Treadwell said the complainant was the managing director of Messrs. Thomas Heywood and Co. (Limited), of 63, Fleet-street, and 171, Queen Victoria-street, who published a number of trade journals, and the defendant was until last week in their service as editor of those newspapers. It was alleged that the defendant used very violent language and had threatened to take the complainant's life. From the evidence of Mr. Malcolm Douglas, the sub-editor of the "Confederates' Union," one of the journals published by the company, it appeared that the defendant on the 14th inst. was the editor of that publication, and that upon that day he went to the publishing offices in a very excited and passionate state, and addressing the staff, said he would show them something that week. He would make "Tommy Heywood" go down on his knees to them, and that he would bring a six-shambler revolver and put a hole through him. On the following Thursday, these words were reported to Mr. Heywood. This version of the matter was corroborated by Mr. Maden, a shorthand writer, and Mr. Saunders, another member of the staff. Mr. Heywood said defendant was a very violent man, and he went in bodily fear of him. The defendant, since his dismissal, has taken offices in the same building. In cross-examination, he said he had received a letter from the defendant's solicitor, threatening an action for wrongful imprisonment and the breach of an agreement whereby the defendant was to be editor-in-chief of all the company's publications for three years.—Dr. Davis, who gave evidence in his own behalf, said he was very busy and irritable on the day in question, and he received an impudent message from Mr. Heywood through a boy. He read the message to some of the witnesses, and said that in America they would get a revolver and put a hole through such a person, but that he intended to make Mr. Heywood apologize and eat his hat. It was an exultation of temper, which soon subsided, and he had no intention of any violence towards Mr. Heywood, against whom civil proceedings were not pending.—After a lengthened hearing, the Lord Mayor ordered the defendant to enter into his own recognances in £10 to keep the peace for three months, and to pay £2, the cost of the summons.

STRANGE SURGICAL CASE. A telegram from Sioux City (Iowa) announces the death of Charles Borowsky, who has for many years interested medical men throughout the country on account of a peculiar accident of which he was the victim. Twenty-nine years ago Borowsky received a pistol wound in the left side of the mouth. The bullet could not be found, but Borowsky, to the day of his death, suffered intense pain in the head whenever he lay upon his right side or took a stooping attitude. Before his death he requested that a post mortem examination should be made, in order to ascertain the location of the bullet. This has been done and it has been traced from the mouth, through the orb of the left eye, down the back, where it is incysted in the membrane of the posterior, near the left lateral ventricle. The physicians say that the case is unique.

CESAREWITCH! CESAREWITCH! A NOTE TO SHEEN. "Winter's keep certain for those who follow this advice. For the last six years there have been 120,000 cases of skin disease—cesarewitch lotion will completely remove eruptions, pimples, warts, moles, sore, acne, eczema, psoriasis. Cesarewitch produces a clear, healthy, smooth, natural skin—(Advt.)

A RIDE ACROSS INDIA. Lieutenant Vargas has completed a ride which will rank with the great accomplishments of Colonel Burnaby. Lieutenant Vargas is an officer in the 70th Austrian Regiment, speaks very little English, and has no knowledge of Hindustani. With only one horse, and attended by only one servant, he has ridden a distance of at least 1,300 miles, and has been exposed for over ninety days to all the most trying conditions of an Indian summer. He took with him only the most indispensable equipment, and trusted to his good fortune for food and shelter from day to day. Interviewed by the Englishman, he gave the following account of his journey—

EARLY DISASTERS.

"We left Bombay—that is, myself and servant—on May 25th last, with one day's provision in our saddle bags. Our animals were in splendid fettle; we, too, were in excellent health. We took the Naryck-road, and reached this place, which is 133 kilometres distant from Bombay, in fourteen days. We were obliged to rest here for three days in consequence of an accident to the pony, which went lame and stopped our progress. At the end of three days we made another start, reaching Aurungabad, a distance of 142 kilometres, in five days. We usually marched about sixteen miles a day. On 9th August our daughter left home, taking with her simply a change of clothes. Witness had previously asked her who it was that caused her trouble. She refused to say, and witness told her that she would have to go into the infirmary. She did not, however, leave on the 9th August with witness's consent. On the 12th September the witness ascertained her daughter's whereabouts. In the meantime witness wrote to her, but without any address. On the 12th September witness was compelled to wait there a day till the river fell. I reached Raipur ten days after I had left Nagpore, the distance between these two places being 235 kilometres. I halted two days at Raipur, after which I went on to Samalpur. On this march my horse, while rolling on the grass, hurt his back with a sharp stone. I was therefore compelled to let it into Samalpur. This was not always a shell in the mortuary, and was not always a shell in the mortuary, and was soon as she (witness) as it withdrew with the girl. It was totally unlike that any reference was made to the coffin.—The prisoner reiterated her statement, and asked not to be sent back.—The mother of the child explained that she was sent to the school for the children, and pointing it out, said she had a good mind to look her in it. The place was dark. After this had happened they took her to a room and put her to bed, and she was so terrified that she jumped out of window and tried to reach her own home.—In reply to questions by the magistrate, the manageress of the school said it was not within her knowledge that the children's mouths were strapped up as a punishment.—The sister referred to as a child asked to be allowed to make an explanation on the ground that the child had misrepresented the facts. It was true that she took her to a wardrobe which opened into the mortuary. There was a glass window in the cabinet door, and the child saw the skulls in which children who died were placed. There was not always a shell in the mortuary, and as soon as she (witness) as it withdrew with the girl. It was totally unlike that any reference was made to the coffin.—The magistrate said this was one of the rules of the establishment, although the prisoner's hair was clean when admitted.—The chairman said he was afraid the court had no power to interfere with the order of another court.—The prisoner cried piteously, pleading not to be sent back to Mill Hill.—Mr. Cox, one of the magistrates, ultimately advised the bench to apply to the Home Secretary for a modification of the order, and the bench decided to send the child to the workhouse for a week, assuring her that she would be well treated.—This pacified the child, who seemed glad to leave the court with her mother.

A NARROW ESCAPE. We frequently came across traces of wild elephants and tigers, and early in the journey I managed to shoot some deer and black buck. Hyenas were often seen by us, and we sometimes heard tigers prowl about close by us at nights. In attempting to cross the Loriga, which was then in full flood, stories of misadventures befel us. I placed my clothes, together with my ammunition and saddle, upon my head, and tried to swim across, but the current was so strong that I was swept away by it, and had to sacrifice all I carried, except my gun and some ammunition, with which I got across in a pitiable plight. My servant, who did not know how to swim, was left on the opposite bank, where he remained for a while, as there was not a boat to be seen anywhere to ferry him across. When the river fell, my servant forced it with his horse and joined me. I was then compelled to continue the remainder of the journey without a saddle or stirrups, and with only a rope for a bridle. You can easily imagine how irksome that mode of progression was. I was frequently compelled to ride with both legs on one side like a lady, and in this way reached Ranchi on August 13th, having done 234 kilometres in twelve days.

TRAGEDY WITH THE NATIVES.

The following extracts from the lieutenant's diary indicate the trouble he had with the natives:—"10th Aug. We seek shelter just as darkness is closing in, at a cluster of huts in the jungle. The inmates refuse us admittance, under the impression, as it afterwards appears, that we are bent on dacoity. The doors, however, are not firmly fastened, and yield easily to a little pressure. The owners take flight, but return after some hesitation, and as soon as they are satisfied concerning our friendly intentions show every disposition to assist us. The present of a little buckshot puts matters generally on a satisfactory footing. We part next morning excellent friends. 11th Aug.—We are threatened by a gathering of thirty or forty people, but the sight of my rifle (by this time quite useless, since the lock is hopelessly rusted, and the bullets have fallen from the cartridge case) appear to scare them. In any case we escape without a general attack, although a few stones are flung after us. About this time I lose my saddle in crossing a river, and for five days I have to ride bare back."

BLACKMAILED.

In answer to the Englishman representative's inquiry as to the manner of his reception on route, and what he thought of the country he met with, Lieutenant Vargas said that the worst reception he received was from the peasantry of Bengal. These people, besides being disreputable in tone and demeanour, were also unreasonably obstinate in their demands for such little necessities as he actually needed. In many cases he was compelled to pay four or five times the price of the article, and their hostility was in marked contrast to the friendliness of the peasants in other places which he passed through. He was often refused shelter under the projecting eaves of miserable huts, unless he paid a rupee or two for the privilege. In the Central Provinces he was particularly well received. Every one whom he met helped him readily, and in many instances the people positively declined remuneration for such help as they rendered.

JUST PUBLISHED.

FIFTY WAYS TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

LAST WEEK'S ITEMS.

The expenses of the candidates at Walsall are returned as—Alderman Holden, £310 10s. 2d.; Mr. F. James, £713 15s.

The body of a man was found in the Thames between Blackfriars and London Bridges. He was recognised as the person who had jumped off Blackfriars Bridge.

Arthur Marshall, aged 34, a mechanic, of 54, Leighton-road, Kentish Town, was admitted into University College Hospital with a broken leg, caused by a fall on the pavement.

Charles Jackson, 56, dock labourer, of St. Anne-street, Limehouse, was taken to the London Hospital with a broken leg. He was at work on a truck, when he fell out of it.

The incident of the Italian man-of-war declining to return the salutes of the French steamer *Amérique* on her entering the Port of Salonicco is considered in official quarters as of no consequence.

During a Rugby football match at Widnes between Widnes and Dukinfield, Greenhouse, one of the Dukinfield half-backs, had his shoulder blade broken.

At Stockport James Hulme, aged 19, slater's labourer, was remanded, charged with the manslaughter of the seven months' old illegitimate child of Elizabeth Thomas, a domestic servant, aged 18.

A young man, named George Lawry, met with his death in Dolcoath mine, Camborne. He was riding on an engine when he fell and was crushed to death. Deceased was about 20 years of age.

On Thursday night two parties of men, of Parnellite and anti-Parnellite principles, quarrelled and fought near Nenagh, during which one man, named McGrath, received injuries which terminated fatally.

Jesse Willis, engaged at Moors' *Barrett's*, confectioners', Shepherdess Walk, City-road, slipped and fell in a large vessel containing boiling sugar, being shockingly burned. He was treated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

John McNorman, 40, of Horaceferry-road, Westminster, was at work on a building, when a number of bricks fell upon him, and he was badly injured about the head. He was attended at Westminster Hospital.

John Koen, 45, a checker, Church Path, of Poplar, was taken to the London Hospital suffering from concussion of the brain. He was stated that he was knocked down by a man in a public-house.

Information was received of the death of Leonard Joseph Abington, 54, a licensed victualler and proprietor of the old Mermaid Tavern, Mare-street, Hackney. He was seized with a fit, and died in a few hours.

A 5-year-old boy, named William Blyth, of Lucifer-street, Fornaldore-road, South London, was lying at St. Thomas's Hospital in a dangerous condition suffering from burns over the body by the accidental upsetting of a kettle of boiling water.

Albert Barber, 8, son of a coal porter, of Guy-street, was admitted to St. Thomas's Hospital. While at play he climbed on to the top of the Vauxhall-street Board-school wall, and pitched on to his head, causing concussion of the brain.

M. Charles Meissonier, son of the deceased M. Charles Meissonier, who intends to present his father's atelier and all it contains to the State, in order to form a Meissonier Museum in the place where the master accomplished the last part of his great works.

Superintendent Lenham attended Harrow Police Court for the last time in his official capacity as superintendent of the Epping Police Division. He is resigning at the age of 63 years, after serving for forty-three years in the Essex Constabulary.

Sir Arthur Steyning-Cowell, M.P. for the Carmarthen Boroughs, has written to the local political agents stating that it is not his intention to resign his seat. Sir Arthur will not, however, seek re-election at the next general election.

On arrival in London, on the 19th inst from Dover, the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, which had been on service in Bermuda, landed at the Tower, and met with a hearty reception from a large number of friends who had assembled on Tower Hill.

From caste and racial prejudices a disturbance arose amongst some Bengal drivers and Sodhi boys on board the P. & O. steamer *Acadia* in the Royal Albert Dock. The men fought determinedly with sticks and iron bars until some serious injuries were inflicted.

The harvest in-gathering was stopped in Essex by heavy rain. Work was entirely suspended, and the damage to crops is very great. At Saffron Walden, the centre of the large wheat-growing district, only two samples were offered, and for these the competition was keen.

Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, coroner for the Kingston division of Surrey and London, has been appointed by Dr. Diplock as his deputy for the Western division of Middlesex and London, filling the vacancy left by the resignation of Mr. Frederick James Hand, on the ground of old age.

During a heavy downpour of rain a young man, with a sack over his head, ran across the Lambeth-road and was knocked down by a van belonging to the London and South-Western Railway Company. The driver, it is said, could not pull up in time, and both of the off wheels passed over him, crushing him in a fearful manner. He was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, where after a time he gave his name as Charles Ruddy, 18, of 8, Darwin Buildings, Poplar-row, Old Kent-road.

The sixth annual trip of the stewardesses of the Victoria Steamboat Association took place on the 13th inst. The steamer *Citizen*, placed at their service by the company, left London Bridge at 10 o'clock for Hampton Court, where they arrived after a pleasant journey. An excellent band enlivened the proceedings. Friends mustered in strong force, and a most enjoyable day was spent, the party reaching London shortly after 8 o'clock.

Daubiel's telegram from New York, dated the 19th says:—There was a very large gathering to-day at the sports of the Manhattan Athletic Club at Eighth-avenue and 153rd-street. The members of the club number 3,500, and there were about 4,000 invited guests. The field was in excellent condition and the weather was perfect. The band of the seventh regiment played during the afternoon and evening. The grounds at night were lighted with powerful electric lights of 5,000 candle-power, and the festivities came to a close with an exhibition of fire-works.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR. The Press Association's Southampton correspondent informs us that the great excitement prevalent at Woolston on the 18th in connection with the closing of the naval ship-building works at that place. The yards were closed unexpectedly upwards of a fortnight ago, 1,200 to 1,500 hands being thrown out of employment. It had been the custom of the yards to hold a week's pay in hand, and when the works closed the men naturally expected to receive this money, but, it is stated, from some unforeseen circumstances the money was not paid and a disturbance was apprehended on the 19th. A large force of police was consequently drafted into the place, and a message despatched to Portsmouth for military assistance in case of need. Two companies of Inniskilling Fusiliers were told off, and were kept in readiness to proceed to Woolston by special train if needed.

It is further stated that the county magistrates made a neighbouring hotel their head-quarters for the day. The men held a mass open air meeting, but there was no disturbance.

THE HARLESDEN ABDUCTION CASE.

At the Central Criminal Court on the 19th, Linden Howard, 22, described as an author, was indicted for unlawfully taking Alice Sarah Sargent, a girl under the age of 18, out of the custody and control of her parents, against their will. Mr. Burnie prosecuted. Mr. C. Williams defended. Mr. Burnie said the facts of the case were of a peculiar character, and from the evidence which he intended to adduce he thought that the jury could come to no other conclusion than that the prisoner had been guilty of the offence alleged. The prisoner was charged under a section of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. He appeared to have been gaining his livelihood as a journalist, and resided in the Victor-road, Harlesden. In February last the accused inserted an advertisement for a lady amanuensis, and in reply he received a letter from the girl Sargent, who was the daughter of a retired publican residing at Maidstone. The girl had received a very liberal education, and was naturally anxious to improve herself. She ultimately induced her mother to allow her to communicate with the accused with reference to the situation. Howard informed her of the purpose for which he should require her services, and also stated that she was to send her photo. It appeared that he had received some 150 letters to the advertisement, several of which contained photographs of women. In addition to his lodgings in the Victor-road, Howard took apartments in the Crownhill-road, Willesden, where the girl ultimately came to reside. Some literary work was done at the apartments in the Crownhill-road. From what transpired at this place between the girl and the prisoner, a Mrs. Howe, the landlady, wrote to the girl's mother, and told the prisoner that he must give up the lodgings. From this place it was alleged the prisoner took the girl to another lodging, where they represented themselves as brother and sister. On leaving her home the girl had been provided with new clothes, a watch and chain, and she had also a sum of money at the bank, and after a short time the parties got into

Great Pecuniary Distress, and the girl went to Maidstone to get money from her parents, on the pretence that a typewriter was required by her in the business. A telegram, however, from the prisoner brought the girl back to him. On 28th June suspicions were aroused, and the mother came to London and had a conversation with her daughter. The latter appeared to have been infatuated with the man, and she needed a deal of persuasion to induce her to return to Maidstone. Prisoner was arrested on a warrant. On the way to the station the accused invited the girl to assert that she was a disorderly character. Sarah Jane Sargent, the mother of the girl, who resides in John-street, Maidstone, spoke of the circumstances under which her daughter left home to enter the prisoner's service as lady clerk, at a salary of £10 and all found. The girl was to have a bed and sitting-room in the Crownhill-road, Willesden, at the house of a Mrs. Howe, in whose charge she left her daughter, who was 16 years old. Her daughter came home for the Easter holidays, and again in May. The girl showed her a telegram as follows:—“Come back to-day. Publishers waiting.” She believed the telegram, and allowed her daughter to go back, as she thought, to her work. In consequence of information, on the 25th of June she went to the Napier-road, Willesden, and saw the prisoner and the girl. The latter, in reply to a remark, said, “I will not go home.” The following day, at the Victoria Station, she told her daughter she was determined to take her home. The girl said, “I won't go. I would sooner throw myself in front of the train.” Witness placed her arm round her daughter, and thrust her into the railway carriage, but

SHE JUMPED OUT OF THE TRAIN.

again, and she (the mother) had to leave her. Howard was present at the time, and he said to the girl, “If you go, I won't marry you.” Prisoner (vehemently): It is a lie, woman. His lordship said that the prisoner must conduct himself in a proper manner. Cross-examined: It was not true that her daughter had served behind the bar at Maidstone. She left her daughter in the care of Mrs. Howe. Mr. Williams: On leaving the prisoner and the girl at the Willesden Station, did you not say to him, “Take care of her?” The girl said, “I said, take care of the luggage.” (Laughter).—Did you hear your daughter swear at the police court that you said, “Take care of her?”—Yes, and I was called to contradict her. Continuing, the witness said that she knew that her daughter had left Mrs. Howe, and she despaired. She did not say that the prisoner might marry her if the consent of the father could be obtained.—Mr. Williams: Did you sign a written consent to the marriage of these people?—Witness: You had better ask the father.—I ask you, No.—Counsel produced what purported to be a written consent to the marriage, which was handed to the witness.—Mr. Williams: Did you make that signature?—Witness: No; my husband did it.—In reply to another question, the witness observed, “Do you think that a thing like that shall marry my daughter? He shall never have her. It is forbidden.”—Robert Ruddy, the father, was then called. The girl, he said, left home without his consent. He withdrew his consent to the marriage in consequence of a statement.—Alice Sarah Sargent (a good-looking girl), said at the end of February last she saw an advertisement in a newspaper, which she showed to her mother. She wrote to the prisoner, and sent him her photograph. Prisoner replied, stating that the duties would be very light—that she would be required to do writing from his (prisoner's) dictation and a little reading. He added that he could “teach her many things,” and as she gained experience he would probably get her a situation on the staff of a daily journal. As the result of the correspondence, she ultimately came to London with her mother, to the Crownhill-road. She wrote several pieces for the prisoner, one of which was entitled “The One Ewe Lamb.” The witness next detailed the circumstances that transpired between herself and the accused at the lodgings. She told the prisoner that her age would be 17 in September. The prisoner asked her to go to his room. In March the prisoner spoke to her about his antecedents, stating that he had been living with an actress, and “had lived a very wild life.” On her return from the holidays, the prisoner said he had looked into her diary. She told the prisoner that she had been serving behind the bar at

Monday, the Common Sergeant reviewed in detail the arguments of counsel for the prisoner that there was no case to go to the jury either with regard to the assault or abduction, and said he had come to the conclusion, after considering the various authorities cited, that, having regard to the law as laid down in the Queen v. Clarence, by a majority of thirteen out of the eighteen judges constituting the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, he considered it to be his duty to withdraw the first count, that charging assault from the jury. As to the other counts, he was of opinion that they must go to the jury there was evidence in support of them. The effect of this decision was that the prisoner could now give evidence generally on oath, if he wished to do so, without being hampered by the first count, as to which he would not have been able to have given sworn testimony.—Mr. Williams said he did not propose to offer any evidence, after what had fallen from the Common Sergeant.—Mr. Burnie, in addressing the jury, commented upon what he termed this extraordinary decision of the prisoner. The inference was that the prisoner was not prepared to deny upon oath the evidence that had been given in regard to his having taken the girl out of the custody of her parents and her guardian, Mrs. Howe. This was all the more extraordinary, remembering the terrible accusations which had been made by the prisoner against the girl.—Mr. C. Williams, for the prisoner, said that, as to what had been said with regard to the prisoner not going into the witness-box, it was perfectly obvious that the only matter upon which he could have called him to any purpose was the first count, which was now withdrawn.—The Common Sergeant pointed out that prisoners could not be called upon that count.—Mr. Williams was aware that the law would not permit that, but he submitted that there would be no purpose in prisoner entering the box to deny on oath the facts as to the abduction. He submitted that the evidence of the girl and her mother was perfectly unreliable, and commenting upon the conduct of the girl he left it to the jury themselves to form their

own conclusion as to why she had told the circumstantial account of her previous seduction unless it were true.—The Common Sergeant, in summing up the case, advised the jury that the previous immorality of the girl had nothing to do with the case, because, under the law, the question was not one of injury to the girl, but of injury to the parents.—The jury, after nearly an hour's deliberation, found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

THE FIFTY DAYS' FAST.

M. Alexander Jacques, who undertook to fast for fifty days at the Royal Aquarium, completed his task on the 19th. During the last week his condition had caused much uneasiness to Drs. Hobson and Whitmarsh, who have watched him throughout. This was owing to renewed attacks of gout, and excitement. He, however, maintained a cheerful condition, and spent the early part of the morning of the 15th in attending to his correspondence and talking with those about him. The bulletin issued at noon on the 19th stated that during the past twenty-four hours M. Jacques had lost 2lb., leaving his weight at 114lb. 4oz., his total loss being 23lb. 4oz. His pulse, registered 64; his respiration 24; and his temperature 99°. During the day he drank 34oz. of tea. At the commencement of the fast, the Aquarium authorities issued over 2,000 invitations available for any time, day or night, during the fifty days, to the medical men of London. During the afternoon a large number of English and foreign physicians visited Jacques, one of whom, Dr. Henrik G. Petersen, a Norwegian, practising in America, tested the strength of the fasting man's grip on the dynamometer before he partook of food, with the result that it was said to be equal to 75lb. As the time approached for the completion of the fast the reception-room in which Jacques had remained during the whole of the time, became crowded with spectators. Jacques, who had been smoking cigarettes during the latter part of the afternoon, announced that the fast was over. Mr. Davis, who has been the fasting man's lecturer throughout the whole of the time, said that M. Jacques had accomplished the most stupendous fast ever known, and it had proved the great value of his herbal powder, the secret of which he alone possessed. His contention was that armchair campaigning through a hostile country, or if men suffered shipwreck, or met with an accident where food was not procurable, the powder would probably be the means of sustaining life until help or succour came. Jacques had been watched night and day by doctors and by members of the press, and he hoped that he had now proved to the public without doubt that he was in possession of a secret which must prove beneficial in all cases of emergency. Jacques then rose and carried Kennedy, the musician, who weighs nearly 14 stones, twice across the room, and immediately afterwards partook of his first meal, which consisted of chicken broth, fish, grapes, and beans. He remained in the reception-room until shortly after 5 o'clock, and then proceeded to the central stage. On the way there he was loudly cheered. Mr. Eitchie, chairman of the company, presented him with the Aquarium Society's medal, and spoke of the great task he had achieved. M. Jacques, in reply, said: Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to thank you for your kindness in coming here to-day. This is my longest fast, and I think I have now proved to the world the great value of my powder. I have the father and mother's consent to marry the girl.” He also had a warrant under the Criminal Law Amendment Act for the girl's arrest. She was a disorderly character.—Sarah Jane Sargent, the mother of the girl, who resides in John-street, Maidstone, spoke of the circumstances under which her daughter left home to enter the prisoner's service as lady clerk, at a salary of £10 and all found. The girl was to have a bed and sitting-room in the Crownhill-road, Willesden, at the house of a Mrs. Howe, in whose charge she left her daughter, who was 16 years old. Her daughter came home for the Easter holidays, and again in May. The girl showed her a telegram as follows:—“Come back to-day. Publishers waiting.” She believed the telegram, and allowed her daughter to go back, as she thought, to her work. In consequence of information, on the 25th of June she went to the Napier-road, Willesden, and saw the prisoner and the girl. The latter, in reply to a remark, said, “I will not go home.” The following day, at the Victoria Station, she told her daughter she was determined to take her home. The girl said, “I won't go. I would sooner throw myself in front of the train.” Witness placed her arm round her daughter, and thrust her into the railway carriage, but

EVIDENCE OF THE CHEMIST.

—Edmund Buttler, chemist, of the Harlesden-road, said that the prisoner called on him in March. He prescribed for the prisoner, who made a statement about a young lady. Miss Sargent came to him with a letter from the prisoner. He prescribed for the girl also.—Kate Carey, 13, St. Paul's-road, Highbury, spoke to the prisoner with Miss Sargent, taking rooms with her about Easter this year. The girl, he said, was his sister, who had come up from the country for a few weeks. Later on, in consequence of what she saw, she told the prisoner that he had come to her house under the pretence that he had come to her house under false pretences, and had him leave. Prisoner was turned out by a policeman.—Another landlady, named Smith, said that after the prisoner had taken apartments with her, 150 letters came to the house.—Mr. Robert Faulkner, of 16, Mecklenburg-square, deposed to the result of his examination of the prosecutrix. The girl had since been an inmate of a hospital. The girl was now completely cured.

POLICE EVIDENCE.

—Police-sergeant Frederick Bartley said that March last the prisoner made a complaint to him about a former clerk of his. He had a warrant for the prisoner's arrest. In reply to the charge, the accused said, “I have the father and mother's consent to marry the girl.” He also had a warrant under the Criminal Law Amendment Act for the girl's arrest. She was a disorderly character.—Sarah Jane Sargent, the mother of the girl, who resides in John-street, Maidstone, spoke of the circumstances under which her daughter left home to enter the prisoner's service as lady clerk, at a salary of £10 and all found. The girl was to have a bed and sitting-room in the Crownhill-road, Willesden, at the house of a Mrs. Howe, in whose charge she left her daughter, who was 16 years old. Her daughter came home for the Easter holidays, and again in May. The girl showed her a telegram as follows:—“Come back to-day. Publishers waiting.” She believed the telegram, and allowed her daughter to go back, as she thought, to her work. In consequence of information, on the 25th of June she went to the Napier-road, Willesden, and saw the prisoner and the girl. The latter, in reply to a remark, said, “I will not go home.” The following day, at the Victoria Station, she told her daughter she was determined to take her home. The girl said, “I won't go. I would sooner throw myself in front of the train.” Witness placed her arm round her daughter, and thrust her into the railway carriage, but

THE AUTUMN MANOEUVRES.

ABANDONMENT OF THE REVIEW. The great march past and sham fight that was to have taken place on the 19th was at the last moment abandoned by Sir Evelyn Wood, owing to the wretched weather that has lasted during the previous days. Great disappointment was felt for spectators from all parts of Hants and Sussex, besides large numbers from London, who were awaiting the spectacle. All mounted troops left East Moon for Aldershot, and the 1st Division, under General Mansfield Clarke, did a long sixteen miles march to Woolmer Forest. The roads were so bad that when the number of men has, however, been somewhat diminished by a brisk demand for labour in various parts of the country, and by the secession of some who are heartily tired of their enforced idleness; in fact, it is believed that the majority would gladly return to work at once. A register has been opened at the offices of the Central Association of Master Builders of London, Bedford-street, Strand, for men who are willing to work at the present hours and existing wages, and applications for employment on the above subject, decline to offer any opinion or to afford any information.

THE CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

The circumstances of this strike remain unaltered, and though the struggle has now entered upon another week, the dispute seems as far from a settlement as ever. The number of men has, however, been somewhat diminished by a brisk demand for labour in various parts of the country, and by the secession of some who are heartily tired of their enforced idleness; in fact, it is believed that the majority would gladly return to work at once. A register has been opened at the offices of the Central Association of Master Builders of London, Bedford-street, Strand, for men who are willing to work at the present hours and existing wages, and applications for employment on the above subject, decline to offer any opinion or to afford any information.

THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS.

DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE. The Executive Society of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers announce, with deep regret, the death of Mr. Robert Austin, their general secretary, which took place, after a long illness, at Stamford-street, S.E.

THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

Travellers from the province of Tambov state that, owing to the efforts made by the administration of the local Zemstvo, provision has already been made for the resowing of the land in that province, and for the supply of corn up to January 1st next, but that after that date great difficulty will be experienced in assuring the food supply of the people. Not only will there be a lack of the funds required for further purchases of grain, but long distances will have to be traversed to obtain it. Moreover, the collection of taxes will prove almost impossible, and it is even feared that there will not be sufficient funds to pay the salaries of the local administrative officials and provide for the maintenance of the hospitals, asylums, schools, and other public institutions. The scarcity of oats and hay for the horses and cattle is also greatly felt in the province of Tambov, and farmers are consequently compelled to sell their stock at mock prices, horses often only fetching two or three roubles, a cow five roubles, and a colt twenty to fifty copecks. After one of the recent country fairs the skeletons of forty horses were found, which had been killed by their purchasers merely for the sake of the skins.

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THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

THE CAMDEN TOWN TRAGEDY.

INQUEST AND VERDICT.

Dr. Wynn Westcott, deputy-coroner for Central Middlesex, received an inquiry at the Mason Hall, Palmer's place, Holloway, into the circumstances attending the respective deaths of Ernest Nightingale, aged 35, a commercial traveller, lately residing at 51, Hungerford-road, and Holloway; Elizabeth Shute, aged 32, his wife, and Ernest Arthur and Ruby Florence Nightingale, aged respectively 1 year and 4 months, and 4 months, their children, who were found dead in bed under mysterious circumstances, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. Mr. Claude George Algar, solicitor, again appeared to watch the case on behalf of the relatives of the deceased; and Chief-inspector McFadden, of Division, represented the Criminal Investigation Department.—On the court being opened, the foreman of the jury stated that all the witnesses who were to give evidence should be out of court while any one of their number was giving evidence. To this the coroner acceded, except in the case of the father and father-in-law of the deceased woman.—Dr. Arthur Pearson Luff, of 47 Newmouth-street, Cavendish-square, deposed that on the 10th of September he made an autopsy of the body of Ruby Florence Nightingale, aged four months. It was a well-nourished body. All the organs were normal except the brain, which was congested.—
Coroner: That would be recent?—Yes. The heart was healthy.—Witness, continuing, said he took the viscera away for analysis. On the 10th September he received from the police the following articles which had been found in the bed-room of the deceased. First, was a tumbler containing slight sediment. There was no sugar to it, and he thought it was from a small powder used for cleaning the teeth. Secondly, a bottle, blue, labelled hydrocyanic acid, or

PRUSSIC ACID.

The acid was of 9 per cent. strength, the strongest known. Thirdly, a bottle containing powdered strychnine. It was an ounce bottle half full. Fourthly, a two-ounce stoppered bottle labelled poison, and containing some brown fluid. It was a liniment, and contained camphor, chloroform, and belladonna, he believed. There was another bottle containing prussic acid water, given usually to infants. He also received a sucking bottle, a jug, and a warming jar, containing milk and food. These were absolutely free from poison. On the 13th of September he also received nine bottles, but they all contained harmless mixtures for coughs and colds.—
The Coroner: There is a bottle from which it is said the deceased woman took a dose every evening, so long as it lasted, and that it was then thrown into the dustbin.—Witness: There was, I should say, no poison in pale. The quantity was too small to analyse.—
The Coroner: We may take it from what the doctor says that there was no poison in the children's food, so that they were not poisoned in that way.—Witness, continuing, said he received several jars containing the stomachs, viscera, &c., of the two grown deceased, and also of the little boy. The stomach of Ernest Nightingale was congested, and contained only three tablespoonsful of liquid, and in this and in the lungs were prussic acid.

No OXYGEN POISON was present. With regard to analysis of the mother he also found prussic acid, and in the lungs a slight trace of the same poison. In the stomach of the boy was two and a-half teaspoonsful of a dark fluid, and in the contents he found prussic acid. No other poison was present. In the stomach of the baby, which was pale, he found no poison, either in the stomach or the viscera.—
The Coroner: With regard to that child, we know her history for three days.—
Witness: Knowing that the child had lived three days I did not expect to find any poison in the stomach as it would have passed off. The cause of death in the first three cases was prussic acid poisoning, and in the case of the child from convulsions. As to the causation of the convolution I should first like to know how the child was brought up, by hand or at the breast.—
The Coroner: The servant can be the only person to tell us.—
The Witness: The child died three days after being found, and I may say that after such an interval I should not expect to find any trace of prussic acid poisoning in her body, even if any had been administered. The cause of death in the three eldest deceased was prussic acid poisoning. As to the youngest child I think beyond all doubt she died from exhaustion following upon convulsions caused by congestion of the brain.—
At the request of the witness the servant Skutt was recalled, and said that the child was never fed out of the bottle—it was always suckled.—
The witness continuing, said that in his opinion being so suddenly removed from the mother's breast might have caused convulsions in the child, although he also thought it likely that it had had a small quantity of prussic acid given to it.—
The Coroner: But are you going to say that the death was caused naturally or by poison. I don't think I can say either could be positively one way or the other. How long after taking the poison would death have ensued? A rapid death ensued within two or three minutes of swallowing prussic acid. These persons must have

DIED VERY QUICKLY.

I should think the poison was administered out of the tumbler to the adults, and by means of a teaspoon to either one or both of the infants. There was enough poison in the bottle to kill sixteen adults. The child is so volatile that no trace of it being found in the tumbler or the teaspoon is no proof that they had not been used for the purpose of administering it.—
Mrs. Hartland (recalled) said that Mrs. Nightingale had dinner and tea at her house on the day in question. When Mr. Nightingale called for his wife, he had only some tea without milk or sugar, refusing everything else, saying that "his head was so bad" —
Dr. Luff (continuing his evidence) said that from the progress of rigor mortis in the bodies when found he should imagine that the poison had been taken soon after the deceased man and woman went to bed. It would be possible for the man to have administered the poison to his wife while she was asleep. It could hardly have been administered and swallowed by an adult by accident on account of its offensive smell, while he should think it impossible that it could be forced upon a person, at least without

A VERY SEVERE STRAECOL.

The coroner pointed out that a struggle was inconsistent with the peaceful attitude in which the deceased were found and the orderly appearance of the room.—
The witness, continuing, said that the symptoms of poisoning he found were consistent with strychnine as well as prussic acid poisoning; but, although he had made very careful search, he had been unable to find any trace of the former poison.—
Dr. Spicer was then recalled, and generally corroborated the opinions given by Dr. Luff. The youngest child, he thought, died from convulsions, but how they were brought about he could not say. He inclined to the opinion that she had taken some poison, but whether administered by means of the spoon or through the mother's breast he could not say.—
Inspector Bowles, Y Division, said: At 1.30 on the 5th September I went to No. 51, Hungerford-road, where I found the man and woman in bed, dead, and the deceased boy in a cot. There was a table close to the head of the bed. I found the

coloured tumbler on it, near the father. The mother was lying next the wall. There was no disturbance of the room, the bed clothes were quite straight, and the two adults looked as if they had

DIED IN THEIR SLEEP.

The boy had his legs slightly drawn up. The teaspoon I found on the mantelpiece a couple of yards from the bed.—
P.C. 417 I deposed that on the 5th inst. he was called to the house in question by the stable boy, and found the bodies as described by the last witness. The girl Ruby Florence Nightingale, aged 4 months, was folded in her father's arms, and as she was alive witness took her away and sent for the doctor. The gas was then burning in the room.—
Mr. Robert Nightingale, of Maldon, Essex, said: I am an artist and the father of the deceased man. He was a commercial traveller for the firm of Lorimer and Co., manufacturing chemists. I think my son earned about £400 a year by salary and commission.—
What was his character? A man of rectitude and responsibility.—Was he a passionate man? I think not.—Was he a temperate man? Yes, very much so, but I do not think he was a pledged teetotaller. I do not know that he was in debt or that he was accountable for any money to Mr. Lorimer. I believe the pony and trap he had to have been his own. A lady named Minnie Shute, whom another son of mine, Sydney, afterwards married, used to visit at the house of the deceased family.

A SINGULAR ALLEGATION.

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Mr. Hartland, the father of the deceased woman, said: Since the last hearing I have found out that my daughter complained to certain people about her married life. She never complained to me. I understand that Minnie Shute had to be removed from the house at the time of my daughter's first confinement.—
Did your daughter ever complain that she was not allowed sufficient money considering her station in life? I am told so, and that Minnie Shute kept the purse.—How long did Miss Shute stay there? Some months, I believe; she was mistress there.—Since these deaths, I believe you and the police have been receiving bills which the deceased owed? Yes, to the amount of about £200.—Most of these items are for household necessities? Yes, grocers' and butchers' accounts. No ready money appears to have been spent in the house since he was married. The drawing-room of his house was not furnished, although there were something to ready to be put up. I have discovered also that he owed £20 rent. He borrowed £200 of me after he was married, and I also gave my daughter £100 of which she never had a halfpenny. Mr. Lorimer became surety with my son-in-law for the £200. The latter paid £2 back, and then the payments ceased altogether. He promised to pay £6 a month.—How much money was found in the house? One shilling and sixpence.—He had a banking account, had he not? Yes; but there was only £4. to his credit I believe. I cannot say what he can have spent his salary in; but I have heard since the last inquiry that he had

TAKEN TO DRINKING HEAVILY.

He also borrowed small sums from his brother-in-law? Do you know whether he betted or gambled? No; what he did with his money is a mystery to me.—
Inspector Bowles, recalled, said that considering the income the deceased man was supposed to earn, both his wife's and his own clothing was extremely poor and scanty. The banking book showing £4. balance.—
The coroner then read a number of bills which had been sent in.—
Inspector Bowles also handed in some letters, which Mr. Lorimer had sent to the deceased man, which the coroner said showed that he could not have been a very satisfactory servant. These letters, some of which went back as far as a year ago, contained complaints of gross

BUSINESS IRREGULARITIES

on the part of Nightingale, that he did not collect the accounts or call on the customers. Another letter asked if he was regularly paying the instalments of the debt to his father-in-law, and if he had paid his rent. Both Nightingale and his firm had also received numerous letters of complaint from customers concerning the neglect of the former of their interests. The inspector added that he had found several public-houses at which the deceased man was in the habit of playing billiards. One of the letters of complaint mentioned that Nightingale had neglected his business in favour of billiards.—
Dr. Fountaine, of Camden-road, who attended Mrs. Nightingale in both her confinements, said both she and her husband always seemed to be very happy together.—
Mr. Algar: He had seen Miss Shute, and had never known anything objectionable against her. He never knew that she had to be removed from Mr. Nightingale's house.—
Mr. John Luff (recalled) said: I employed the deceased man over twelve years, but for only about half his time. He was a traveller, and I paid him by salary and commission. He was paid £1 a week salary, and his total earnings from my firm for last year amounted to £207 odd. I do not know who else he worked for. He would not have needed to carry strychnine or prussic acid about with him as samples. I became surety for him for a loan of £200, which I believed was to be spent in furnishing his house and getting a horse and trap for the purposes of his business. I looked upon him as a traveller with a good connection, but he would not get up in the morning so as to be at business betimes, according to his agreement with me. Of late he had been rather wild in his manner, and complained of giddiness. I am very much surprised to hear that he was so deeply in debt. I certainly had no intention of getting rid of the deceased man as an employee, although I was making frequent complaints to him.—
Louisa Skutt, again recalled, said she had never seen her master the worse for liquor; but added that about that every other evening he came in after she had gone to bed.—
D'Arcy Delaporte, the boy who looked after Nightingale's pony and trap, said the deceased man used usually to start on his rounds after dinner. The evenings he often spent driving round to public-houses, but only on one occasion did witness see him.

A LITTLE TIPSY.

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By a Juror: I do not remember ever saying that this poisoning took place through jealousy.—
W.M. Alexander Morrison, the stable boy previously engaged by Nightingale, said that when out the latter used to pull up at public-houses and play billiards with them for five or six hours at a time. Witness had occasionally seen his master drunk, and he would drive home at three or four o'clock in the morning. His master used to drink port wine and whisky when at home. Mrs. Nightingale never had any money, and whenever anything was wanted in the house the witness or the servant always asked the master.—
Mary Ann Conville, previously a servant to the Nightingales, said she never saw Mrs. Nightingale pay for anything. She never had any money.—
How about Mr. Nightingale? He was not up to much, as he drank a good deal, and was often drunk. He used to get up at all hours of the day. Once he was found drunk in the stable, and I had to go and look after him. The house was unpleasant to live in, although Mrs. Nightingale was very kind, as the tradespeople were always calling for money. The second baby was born before the doctor came, and Mr. Nightingale kept putting off sending for him. Mr. Nightingale afterwards told me the child was born before the nurse came. The husband and wife never slept in the same room. The whole affair caused a great amount of excitement, and it is stated police court proceedings will follow.

once dosed her and made her feel giddy.—

Mrs. Susan Weston, the monthly nurse, said that Mrs. Nightingale complained that her husband did not sit with her so long and often while Miss Shute was in the house. The witness had seen Mr. Nightingale kiss Miss Shute. Mrs. Nightingale was very patient, and never complained of anything. She certainly was not likely to have taken her own life or the lives of her children.—
Mrs. Minnie Nightingale (Miss Shute) said: I am the wife of Sydney Nightingale, the brother of the deceased man. I knew the deceased, Mr. Nightingale, for about five years. I knew him before he was married. I went to his house to assist his wife in her first confinement. I married his brother while staying there. The dead couple seemed to be on good terms with each other. I never saw the man intemperate. He used to pay everything himself.—
By Mr. Algar: I am quite positive that I never caused any unpleasantness between the deceased couple. I stayed there at the deceased woman's invitation. I never

KEEP THE PUSSIES

I paid anything for the deceased man.—
Mrs. Hartland, recalled, said she believed the reason why Mrs. Nightingale (Miss Shute) left the house of the deceased suddenly was in consequence of being in the same state of health as her sister-in-law.—This concluded the evidence, which the coroner briefly summed up.—The jury then retired, and in the course of ten minutes returned with a verdict "That Mrs. Nightingale and her two children died from the effects of prussic acid, wilfully administered to them by Ernest Nightingale, who, after thus wilfully murdering them, committed suicide by the same means, whilst of unsound mind and in a state of mental depression, brought about by embarrassed circumstances."—Before closing the court, the coroner, with the concurrence of the jury, commanded the intelligence and seal with which the case had been investigated and managed by Det.-Insp. White, Chief-Inspt. McFadden, Insp. Bowles, Det.-Supt. Nutkins, and McConnell, the officers of the court.

A DANGEROUS DOG.

"HIGHLY NERVOUS AND EASILY UPSET." Mr. Robert Hill, a gentleman residing at Plaistow, was summoned to the Bromley (Kent) Petty Sessions by Ada Elliston to show cause why a collie dog belonging to him should not either be destroyed or kept under proper control.—
Ada Elliston said she was in the service of the defendant until the 13th inst. On Sunday morning, the 13th inst., a Mrs. Beadle, who was staying in the house, told her to take the defendant's collie dog into the garden. She did so, and the dog then tried to follow a neighbour's dog. The officer who commanded the new arrivals permitted the use of water from the shore, and, in consequence, in a few weeks lost by death more officers and men than our squadron had lost in two years. He then adopted our practice, and his ships became as healthy as our own. As far as alcoholic beverages are concerned, there is very much more drinking and incomparably less drunkenness in the Navy than there used to be. The officers and men of that service are more sober than any other class of Englishmen. The test-tellers have not had the smallest share in bringing this about. In the old drunken days the men were allowed leave to go on shore only very seldom, and when they went the majority of them got drunk. Leave to land is now part of the daily routine of every ship in port. Every one who takes a look at the public-houses in the neighbourhoods frequented by sailors and marines can see that they are not illiberally patronised. Yet drunkenness is now rare. The case of the officers is just the same. Except in extremely few cases, their sobriety is unimpeachable. Nevertheless, the wine merchants who have supplied naval messes for generations will be able to tell you how very much greater is the stock which they put on board a ship in these days than that which they used to ship, say, forty years ago, counting per number of a man supplied.

CURIOUS ABUSE OF TRUST.

Edmund Foster Lindsey was charged before the Bury St. Edmunds magistrate with stealing two cheques for £25. the property of the Rev. Herbert Samuel Hawkins, rector of Bury. The evidence of the prosecutor's son showed that prisoner had charge of the prosecutor, who was mentally afflicted, and had been recommended by the Hamilton Association. He had taken prosecutor to Margate and Westgate-on-Sea, and, while there, wrote out several cheques to be paid in his own name, obtained prosecutor's signature, and cashed them. A communication from a lodging-house keeper at Margate led to his apprehension. From the prison cell the prisoner wrote to the prosecutor's son: "I was mad drunk or dazed when I committed such foolishness, and I can neither account for nor explain it otherwise than that I have lost a creditable and honourable post for the sake of fast society and drink." The prisoner pleaded guilty, and said he removed a cheque-book out of the prosecutor's reach, thinking he might make judicious use of it, and kept it in his pocket. He took to gambling at night, and, while drunk, yielded to the temptation to use the cheque. He was sent to goal for two months.

BATHING FATALITY AT SCARBOROUGH.

A gentleman, supposed to be an official of the Midland Railway Company, was drowned at Scarborough on Wednesday morning while bathing. He went into the sea against the advice of the bathing machine proprietors, who refused him a van because the sea was dangerously rough. The deceased undressed on a slipway near, and walked into the water. The heavy sea knocked him down, and he was immediately carried helplessly away by the current. In a pocket of the clothes a first class railway pass was found bearing the name G. O. Dale.

THE HOP HARVEST.

Owing to the cooler weather and the absence of hot scorching suns, the hops are keeping better, and more grounds will be picked than it was thought would be the case. In East Kent most growers will finish the in-gathering next week; in Mid-Kent it will last about a fortnight longer; and in the Weald of Kent and Sussex some of the larger growers have nearly three weeks more work. The crop in heaviest in the Weald of Kent, where the pickers will be paid only £1. for six or seven bushels. In East and Mid-Kent the rates of pay range from £1. to 2s. 6d.

A TRAMP'S LIFE AND DEATH.

A painful story of a tramp's life and death was told at Trowell, near Ilkstone, during an inquest on the body of a woman named Mary Rock.—John Luff, who gave his address as 28, Lambeth-street, Sheffield, tramp, and who stated that he had lived with the deceased woman as her husband since 1876, said that she was a single woman, and that her real name was Mary Doran. They had had ten children, two of whom were living. One was 10 years old and the other 4. They had been tramping about the country, and had stopped on the 19th inst. at a lodging-house at Ilkstone, whither they had walked from Derby. They left there shortly after 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, intending to walk to Loughborough, and then on to the Leicester races. She had, however, been very ill all the night, and when they got as far as Trowell Church, witness, who was about forty yards in advance, heard deceased call out, "Johnnie." He went back and found her lying on the grass downwards. She could not speak. Some of the people in the houses near brought her brandy, but she could not take it, and died before the doctor arrived. She had been drinking heavily for many years, particularly during the last fortnight. He had suggested that she should stop at Ilkstone on the Sunday with the children, while he went on to Leicester Races, and he would send her money from there. He had only £1. 7d., and that of which he was going to give her £1. She, however, refused to do so, saying that she would rather "die on the road." He himself had gained a living by going to all the race meetings, selling race-cards, keeping horses, selling "tips," grooming and tying up horses. He earned on an average £1. to £2 per week. On the first day of the Doncaster Meeting he won £3 or £4 on betting. He had been similarly engaged for thirty years, and intended to pursue the same course to gain a livelihood for himself and children in the future. Deceased had drunk beer, but had not been able to eat anything. It was stated that the woman was drunk late on Saturday night at Ilkstone. The man Rock, the deceased, and the two children (one at the head, one at the foot) all slept in one bed. The woman was very sick during the night. The jury returned a verdict of death from exhaustion.

DRINKING IN THE NAVY.

IMPORTANT STATEMENTS.
"R. N." makes the following contribution to the correspondence going on in the Times on the subject of drinking and drunkenness:—"In the correspondence to which Dr. Mortimer Granville's letter has given rise, allusion has been made to the reduced death rate of the Navy, which is attributed to a diminution of drinking. It is beyond dispute that the death-rate has fallen, and that the fall has been largely owing to the diminution of drinking in the service; but the drinking diminished is that of water. For upwards of twenty years practically every ship in the Navy has been supplied with an apparatus for producing potable water by distillation; and for a considerable period nearly every commanding officer, where there was any doubt about the quality of the water obtained from the shore, has prohibited his crew from drinking any but that produced by his ship's distillers. The results, as shown by the decreased mortality, have been striking. Some years ago I served on a distant station on which the death-rate had been enormous, under an admiral who issued a general order that only distilled water should be used in his ships. The healthy state of the squadron during this admiral's command was as marked as that of ships at home. A squadron under another admiral joined ours for a short time. The officer who commanded the new arrivals permitted the use of water from the shore, and, in consequence, in a few weeks lost by death more officers and men than our squadron had lost in two years. He then adopted our practice, and his ships became as healthy as our own. As far as alcoholic beverages are concerned, there is very much more drinking and incomparably less drunkenness in the Navy than there used to be. The officers and men of that service are more sober than any other class of Englishmen. The test-tellers have not had the smallest share in bringing this about. In the old drunken days the men were allowed leave to go on shore only very seldom, and when they went the majority of them got drunk. Leave to land is now part of the daily routine of every ship in port. Every one who takes a look at the public-houses in the neighbourhoods frequented by sailors and marines can see that they are not illiberally patronised. Yet drunkenness is now rare. The case of the officers is just the same. Except in extremely few cases, their sobriety is unimpeachable. Nevertheless, the wine merchants who have supplied naval messes for generations will be able to tell you how very much greater is the stock which they put on board a ship in these days than that which they used to ship, say, forty years ago, counting per number of a man supplied.

SUICIDE OF BALMACEDA.
REJOICINGS IN VALPARAISO.

The ex-President Balmaceda has shot himself in the temple in his room at the Argentine Legation in Santiago. The news created the greatest excitement. The whole city of Valparaiso was illuminated, and sounds of rejoicing were heard everywhere. It seems that Balmaceda left Santiago on August 29th in the hope of escaping from Chile, but finding every retreat cut off, he returned there on the 2nd inst. and went direct to the Argentine Legation. His intention had been to board the Admirante Condell, which he expected to find at San Antonio Bay, and he was much chagrined to find that she had sailed. After his return to the legation he was extremely nervous, and none but Senor Uribe, the Argentine Minister, and another man, who was devoted to Balmaceda, were permitted to see him. Senor Uribe went to the theatre the other evening, and on his return had a long talk with Balmaceda on the subject of the latter's ideas, which had previously been broached about the advisability of surrender to the Junta. Both retired at midnight. Some time after 8 o'clock the next morning Senora Uribe heard a pistol shot in Balmaceda's bed-room, and immediately informed her husband, who thereupon ran to the house of Senor Carlos Walker Martínez, and brought him to the legation. When the door of Balmaceda's room had been forced open they entered and found the ex-President's body still warm, with a gaping wound in the temple. The body was undressed, and lay on the bed, the right hand holding a revolver. Senor Torro, Balmaceda's brother-in-law, and Uruguay Minister, soon afterwards, reached the house. As soon as his death became known, a mob assembled outside the Argentine Legation, demanding his body, and it became necessary to despatch a force of cavalry to protect the building. The Junta was informed, and a commission, comprising Senores Martínez, Melchor, and Concho, and Judge Aguirre, of the Supreme Court, was immediately appointed to proceed to the legation and view

"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

There were nine cases of suicide last week in the metropolis.

There were 2,507 births and 1,275 deaths in London last week.

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands has an income of £15,000 per annum.

Fifty-three deaths in London last week were attributable to accident or negligence.

Leeds finds employment for 500 women and girls at rag-sorters. They earn 8s. a week.

It is proposed to spend £3,125 in improving the sanitation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Fourteen children, all under twelve months old, were last week in London suffocated in their beds.

Lord Abercromby, great-grandson of Sir Ralph Abercromby, the hero of Aboukir, was 53 on Tuesday.

A hundred and fifty-two persons died in London last week from diseases of the respiratory organs.

Influenza may really now be said to have disappeared from London. There was only one death recorded last week.

A child named Charles Keddie has died in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary through a piece of apple sticking in his throat.

Mr. Hall Caine's publisher says that he seldom had a client who took so much time and pains over reading and correcting his proofs.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Count Stephen Széchenyi, surnamed "The greatest of Hungarians," was celebrated on Monday throughout Hungary.

Since its publication in 1874, it is said that over 15,000 copies of Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People" have been sold.

In the year 1839-90 there was lost at sea 62 merchant vessels belonging to the United Kingdom, of an aggregate tonnage of 122,000 tons.

Lundy Island has long been the home of Mr. Haaren, a West Indian planter, whose father purchased it in 1834, and lived there continuously, winter and summer, for fifty years.

Djedid Pacha, the new Grand Vizier of Turkey, refuses to keep a harem. He has but one wife, who, ever since he married her, many years ago, has possessed his undivided attention.

There were 12 deaths from measles in the metropolis last week, 15 from scarlet fever, 33 from diphtheria, 34 from whooping cough, 13 from enteric fever, and 68 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

"What do Unionists mean" by the words "Irish Local Government?" asked Mr. W. Russell, in South Tyrone. "They mean," he said, "simply the administration of the laws made by the Imperial Parliament."

A private of the Guards Regiment, stationed at Fort Widley, on Portdown Hill, near Portsmouth, during a thunderstorm on Tuesday afternoon was struck by lightning and instantaneously killed.

Mr. S. V. White, familiarly known as "Deacon" White, one of the largest and best known operators on the New York Stock Exchange, has failed. His attributes his failure entirely to a "deal" in maize, the price of which has fallen.

Munich will contribute a gigantic microscope, with a magnifying power of 16,000 diameters, to the Chicago's World's Fair. With such an instrument lovers of Gorgonias could take observations of the mite of commerce browsing on his native heath.

Holiday-makers have had their spirits dampened by the wet weather, but a certain magistrate thinks that the bad summer is due to the drunkenness which prevails. It is only fair to add that the magistrate's address is somewhere in the south of Ireland.

Sir William Arrol has just contrived an appliance for warning platelayers and other railway workmen of approaching trains. Perhaps we may hope that the idea may be generally adopted—after a few more platelayers have been cut up in small pieces.

Mr. Samuel James Brown, one of the partners in the firm of Messrs. William Williams, Brown, and Co., bankers, Leeds, died suddenly at his shooting-box in Sutherlandshire. The deceased, who was 77 years of age, was a justice of the peace for the West Riding, and had a country seat, Loftus Hall, at Knaresborough.

The Crown Prince of Japan, who bears the surnames of Yoshihito Harunomiya, is now 12 years old, is, (says *Woman*) made to recognize that there is no royal road to learning. He attends the high school in Tokio, and in his school report of last term particular mention is made of his diligence and of the fact that, during the current year, his imperial highness has not missed a single day's attendance.

The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, when there was a balance of £6,370,837, to the 19th inst., were £37,156,023 against £37,306,402 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £5,220,261. The net expenditure was £38,323,576, against £37,850,847 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on the 19th of September, 1891, amounted to £2,022,456, and at the same date in 1890 to £2,114,829.

The Salonic brigand who has been imitating the deeds of Haidar-Stavros the gentleman who the other day held Signor Solini to ransom, and received 45,000fr. for surrendering him. In token of gratitude he has just handed nearly a tenth of the sum to the committee engaged in founding Bulgarian schools in Macedonia, and if inquiry were made it would be found that, like the hero of Abbot's pages, he is a rigid observer of feasts and fasts, and never breaks his word, that word to build a church or cut a throat.

The story of a man who sheds his skin every July as if he were a serpent turns out not only to be true, but a woman of 30 has been found in Nebraska who is afflicted with the same trait, though in her case the sloughing occurs only once in every two or three years. This curious moulding began when she was 25. But the man, whose case has been discussed by the Chicago Medical Society, found that his epidermis peeled off in sheets like a tight shirt and stockings when he was only twelve months of age, and has continued to do so regularly ever since.

Here is a pathetic story of the Nihilists:—One Boris Phaskin was condemned to Siberia for life, and ten years' penal servitude in the mines, for corresponding with alleged Nihilists in Switzerland. His young wife, who was but 20, followed him to Siberia, through a terrible blizzard, and at last more dead than alive, found her way to the mine. By British officials she was lowered down to where her husband toiled. Next morning she was found in his arms by the guards, by whom she was instantly arrested, and finally sent back to Moscow.

The patronage which the present Lord Chancellor has had has been portentous. He has appointed Lord Justice Kay to the Court of Appeal; Justices Grantham, Charles Lawrence, Vaughan Williams, Wright, Henry Collins, Romer, Rekewig, Stirling, and Jeune to the High Court; Sir Charles Butt to be the president of the Probate, and Divorce Division; Lord Hannen to the House of Lords and Judicial Committee, two masters in lunacy (£2,000 per annum each), two official referees (£1,500 per annum each), and

one way and another, perhaps fifteen out of the fifty-nine county court judges.

Unlike a horse, a man may be driven to drink but not to water.

It is the man who borrows your books who can claim to be a thorough bookkeeper.

The shoemaker who "breathed his last" must have been a man of phenomenal lung power.

Give Russia as inch and she'll take any number of ells—including, of course, the Dardanelles.

Silence is often the most effective weapon in a dispute, but most people find it very difficult to use.

Those who wish them had their lives to live over again should remember that two failures are worse than one.

A stammering barrister examining a statutory witness before a deaf judge is a "trial" of patience indeed.

A lady who has read some novels of the French school declares she will never send her children there to be educated.

It is said that ravens have been known to live for 300 years. Perhaps some investigative reader will buy one and try it.

Editors are resigned men—at least, their waste-baskets are proof that they are always prepared for the worst.

Walmecida is said to have carried things with a high hand, but the Congregationalists trumped over him in the last deal.

From Adam down no man has ever yet understood a woman, say the philosophers. But the men are by no means tired of trying.

The Czar never shaves, and that's just the difference between him and the Czar-witch. The latter had a very close shave out at Tokio.

That mighty spy-glass, the Lick telescope, shows 100,000,000 stars. Alick without a telescope has been known to produce the same effect.

Scotchmen in Chicago have the courage of their opinions. They have chosen Sir William Gordon-Cumming to be the patron and honorary president of their society.

A literary censor advises authors to write only one story a year if they wish to make a name. He evidently believes that a man's best work is done on an empty stomach.

So Mrs. de Soysa, a Cingalese lady, will assume the rank of a knight bachelier's widow. How a knight bachelor could have a widow is more than some people can understand.

In a recent wedding report a local journal said: "The groom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut-glass."

Labour, we are told, conquers everything. But it couldn't subdue the sun at Newcastle, where the worthy congressmen found things a little too warm to be comfortable.

Portuguese girls don't hanker after a change of name like the girls of other nationalities. In Portuguese marriages the lady's maiden name is retained—that's the explanation.

It is said that the scales used in weighing diamonds are so delicately poised that the weight of a single eye-lash will turn the balance. Strong breath is a good thing for a diamond merchant to have.

Visitors to Windsor Great Park are cautioned against approaching the red deer too closely during the next few weeks, as the animals are somewhat fierce in October and apt to resent the interference of strangers.

Doors and windows are taxed in France, which may account for a scarcity of these articles in otherwise comfortable homes. If a Frenchman can go home by the way of the collar flap he saves money.

Saturn's rings are disappearing just now, but the astronomers tell us nothing as to their destination. Can it be that Saturn wants a bit, as the sporting man may, to carry him on until the weather breaks?

Why do we call this the "silly season?" It has been pointed out that "silly" once meant "blessed," and this may explain it. It is undoubtedly a blessing to escape for a small portion of the year from the perpetual prattle of politicians at Westminster.

Like master like man. Boulangist journalists, like the brav' general himself, seem to be in a very bad way. One of them, Edouard du Wall, has been sentenced to six days' imprisonment for stealing lobsters, and another was put "away" for embezzlement.

The time taken to count 1,000,000 sovereigns at the rate of three a second, twelve hours to the day, would be 7d. 8h. 35m. 33 1/3s. But, of course, if you haven't 1,000,000 sovereigns about you the information is not of much use.

Mr. H. S. Foster, sheriff-elect for the City of London, has appointed as his chaplain during his year of office the Rev. E. Shepherd, sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, and honorary chaplain to the Queen and Duke of Cambridge.

Dr. Edwards, Bishop of St. Asaph, has appointed Mr. W. Trevor Parkins, of the Chester and North Wales Circuit, to the chancellorship of the diocese vacated by the death of Mr. Balles, the late Postmaster-general.

According to the latest definition, the "funny man" is a man of infinite compassion. He sorrows for those who are compelled to read his productions. He rises up with a pun and comes down with a pang. He slide-hammers together a witicism, and when it is laughed at goes off into a corner and gives himself up to grief.

Colonel Lorn Campbell, of the Scots Guards, has been appointed commandant of the School of Instruction for Officers of the Militia and Volunteers at Wellington Barracks from the 1st of October, in place of Captain Crawford, of the Grenadier Guards, who has been appointed commandant of the Foot Guards' Depot.

A telegram from San Antonio, Texas, states that the city council has passed an ordinance prohibiting tramcar companies from forcing their employees to work more than twelve hours daily under a penalty of 25d. to 50d. for each offence. Some of the men have been obliged to work seventeen hours a day, and the result has been numerous accidents.

An attempt to solve the difficulties of an efficient water supply without the intervention of the companies has been made at the artisans' dwellings in the Minories. An artesian well, which has now reached a depth of 332ft., has been sunk, and already gives between 17,000 and 19,000 gallons of good water per day. It is intended to go down another 100ft., when the supply is expected to be not less than 25,000 gallons.

Mr. T. Jones, the head gardener at Windsor Castle, who is retiring from the royal service, has been presented by her Majesty with a handsome silver tea service as a parting gift. Mr. Jones has had the management of the Frogmore Gardens for over twenty years, having gone there from Petworth Park, the estate of Lord Leconfield. His successor at Windsor is the Duke of Devonshire's gardener at Chatsworth.

Swimming, as a health-giving accomplishment, is rapidly increasing in practice and popularity among ladies, and an entertainment given at Highgate showed the proficiency many of them have attained in this admirable art. Racing of the ordinary and fancy types was freely indulged in, and ex-

hibitions given of ornamental swimming and aquatic floating.

The co-operative authorities have decided to appoint a special organising secretary for Scotland, whose duty will be to inaugurate an active propagandist work.

Sir Charles Russell has promised to attend and speak at the annual meeting of the North Wales Liberal Federation, which will take place on Thursday, October 8th.

John F. Cox, an octogenarian, committed suicide in Lynn, Massachusetts, by throwing himself from a third-story window. He was at one time a professor in a Canadian college.

An old countrywoman, when explaining her disorderly conduct to the Edinburgh magistrates, remarked, "It's just this—a wee drap has an effect on a head that's a bit crackit already."

Thomas Montgomery, a farmer, killed an unknown highwayman who attempted to rob him, near Benton, in Illinois. The robber attacked Montgomery with a knife, and was struck dead by a blow from the farmer.

A new evidence of Russia's antipathy to the Jews, Jewish booksellers at Odessa are now forbidden to sell the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments and all other books used in Church services.

During a fire in the cellars of a house in the Rue de Temple, Paris, twenty-two firemen were overpowered by the smoke, and were pulled out in a state of unconsciousness. They are all now out of danger.

A daring robbery was committed at the Windsor Hotel, Ynyslwi, Pontypridd, the other night. The thieves effected an entrance by raising a window, and succeeded in getting away with £120 in cash.

Mr. Chamberlain has consented to visit Edinburgh in the course of the winter and deliver a political speech.

The German University has eighteen magnificent buildings, erected by some of the successful native speculators in 1864.

Alleghany county has sixteen persons awaiting trial for murder, five for accessory to murder, and four for manslaughter.

There are over 50,000 acres planted to grapes in Fresno county, California.

Charles Guthrie, while engaged in yoking a horse at a Dunkele stable, was kicked on the breast and killed.

An Edinburgh printer, named John Patullo, committed suicide by hanging himself with a rope at his own house.

Lord Kantsford, speaking at Fazlumundah, protested against our quelling Egypt before we had accomplished all the necessary reforms.

He defended British policy in Africa as he calculated to promote the prosperity of the great republics there. He expressed his disapproval of the eight hours' labour movement, and defended his own attitude in regard to the question of free education.

The Archibishop of Canterbury will attend the opening service of the Church Congress at Ely on Tuesday week, when the Bishop of Manchester will preach. The Bishop of Kipon will preach at St. John's Church. The Primate will attend and speak at the opening meeting of the congress on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, when the subject for discussion is the Church revival in Wales.

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As much of the Scotch discount business has gone to London of late years, the Scotch banks, with a view to attracting some of the business, are arranging to discount at London offices, which are forwarded to them each morning.

The situation in China is said to be becoming worse, rebellion having broken out in the valley of the Yangtze. Wuchang, the central seat of the Viceroy, is reported to be in revolt, and Shanghai is mentioned among the threatened towns.

The Physical Science Society of St. Petersburg held a sitting on Tuesday evening in honour of the centenary of Faraday, whose bust, crowned with laurels, and whose life-size portrait illuminated with a powerful electric lamp, adorned the table.

A raft containing upwards of three and a half millions of cubic feet of timber has been successfully towed by steam tugs from St. John, New Brunswick, to New York, and not a stick was lost during the voyage, which lasted sixteen days, the average rate of speed being two and a half miles per hour.

"Always when you sweep a room throw a little wet sand all over it, and that will gather up all the fine and dust, prevent it from rising, clean the boards, and save both bedding, pictures, and all other furniture from dust and dirt." Thus runs an advertisement in a manual of housekeeping published in the middle of the last century.

"There is," according to Mr. Carnegie, the American millionaire, "no ground under the Republican institutions for Socialism to grow. Every man has the same chance. He has every privilege that every other man has, and this is the sure preventive of Socialistic ideas."

It transpired at the Chelsea revision that the Earl of Roslyn appeared on the Parliamentary register. As his lordship is a peer, he is not entitled to vote for members of Parliament, but for the County Council only. Consequently his name was removed from the Parliamentary to the municipal division.

Mr. Justin McCarthy sat at a meeting of the Irish National Federation that the Irish Parliamentary party had decided to summon a convention in every county in Ireland, commencing at Thurles, to prepare for the general election and to raise funds for the defence against parting with it until the trial of the action.

The contractors for the erection of the Cane Hill Asylum, near Croydon, applied to the judge in Chancery for an injunction to restrain the secretary of the Carpenters and Joiners' Union from issuing a placard addressed to men to keep away from their work. Mr. Justice Jeune decided whether he could interfere unless physical intimidation were resorted to, but he granted an injunction till Wednesday next, when the defendant will have notice to appear.

FIELD, AND RIVER.

BY LARRY LYNX.

of this article would remember that the entries and descriptions of the horses engaged and special attention should be given to the names of the horses which had been subject to some alteration in the market against a horse's name. A leading incident of Thursday's programme was M. Cannon's riding of True Blue II, to victory in the Thursday Selling Plate. He took the old son of Ceresus close to the rails with all Archer's dash, and hurt himself seriously.

autumn racing campaign was renewed yesterday in earnest. A lot of rain had in the middle, and it was feared that, despite its big handicap—the richest race for in the country—would meet with usual ill-luck in the matter of weather. As a fact, the reverse was the case.

There were showy nights and wet mornings, the hours devoted to racing were filled with pleasant weather enough, and it is to blame it was certainly the clerk of the meteorological department. Of course the going at first was treacherous, but it improved as the meeting progressed. Amphion was to accomplish a big task when he failed to carry his home. The great was, it is true, but although beaten was not disgraced, and brought his westerly into fourth place. To begin, however, the commencement of the story. Backers badly when they made the Kempton Park Plate, as he was one of the first, and in a hot finish Cruelty got from Pasquino and Purple Heather, was illustrated when he just got home a clever victor from Galesus and Fugacity. There was a big field for the September Handicap, and the favourite, Worldly Wis., was unable to find assistance behind Evil Eye and that slave of drink, Greywell, and Coronet in the September Handicap. Amongst the lot who finished behind this trio was Corotphine. Good fields prevailed all the day other winners being Navarro, Capucin, Pot Luck, Quintus, and Sheldrake.

There has been some rowing in America interesting to Englishmen during the past week. The once all-conquering Hanian—who seems to believe in the motto, "Never say die"—met M'Lean on the Fraser River. The distance was three miles with a turn, and M'Lean had 500 yards start. The latter won by three lengths in 19 min. 20 sec., and Hanian, who beat his own record, completed the course having a brilliant victory; whilst the admiral Foal Plate fell to Adoration, who came off with 11 to 10 were beaten. The latter, an own sister to Thebaïs, by Hermit out of Devotion—had the best of the weights from Katherine II. Southwell, who were each giving her a poundage. Adoration had previously second to La Flèche in the Molcombe at Goodwood, and on this form she was well backed. She looked at one time like it, but in the end she won comfortably. That the Hermit fillies have ever superior to the colts has been demonstrated time after time, and Adoration, St. Odile and St. Céleste at Kempton on Saturday last, did no little to prove value of the female stock that have come from the loins of the celebrated minister horse, who, like Stockwell, was of the emperors of the British stud.

It sported silk in the Midland Nursery cap, with the result that Navarro, along at a rare rattle at the finish by Chaloner, caught one after the other, Franche and Heriot, subsequent to their practically out by themselves, and won couple of lengths. Pasquino, with a him, was equal to winning the Ranelagh Selling Plate, and in so doing the money betted on the well-known The Fan; and backers of odds for the big race on Wednesday were particularly jubilant when that horse's companion, Wrong Course, got home in Gopall Plate, a state of jubilation which, though nearly, was not quite justified by subsequent results.

now come to Wednesday, the day on which the richest handicap raced for in this country was lost and won. The weather was bright and beautiful, and the attendance a record one for Oadby. There was a beginning with the Bradford Handicap, in which odds of 11 to 8 betted. Prince of Tyre were upset by Goodlark, got the best of a good finish between. For the Camp Selling Nursery most was forthcoming for Dromochter, and fairly ran away with the race, beingwards bought in for 260s. Chilperic, which won the Keworth Selling Plate, was bought in for 195s., and the way was opened for the big race.

For this rich event a dozen horses sported, and so not were the admirers of Victorious or the success of his stable companion, on Course, on Tuesday, that they were actively eager to take all the 7 to 4 obtainable. Unicorn, Amphion, Reverend, and the gold King, Rusticus, Victricus, Amphion, and Blavatky on the right. Enniskillen coming on in front in Kilkenny. FitzSimon was beaten at the of the hill, and then Rusticus led the, followed by Victorious and Blavatky. Enniskillen, and Amphion, in advance of the hill Victorious drew up to the leaders and Röverend. As they made the party in the parade and center, and it is satisfactory to know that they were all sent at the initial attempt. FitzSimon was led, with Gold King, Rusticus, Victricus, Amphion, and Blavatky on the right. For the Camp Selling Nursery most was forthcoming for Dromochter, and fairly ran away with the race, beingwards bought in for 260s. Chilperic, which won the Keworth Selling Plate, was bought in for 195s., and the way was opened for the big race.

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For the second day the Silver Bell Handicap total to Roseau, who upset odds betted on Norton; and other winners were Eveready, Old Hoppy, and Chieftain.

Although the weather in the early morning at Manchester on Thursday was wet and showery, the afternoon turned out unusually fine, and a most successful

inauguration of the September gathering was recorded. In the two chief races the Lancaster Nursery Handicap, and the De Trafford Walter Handicap, good favourites in Clarence and Lady Wharles went down respectively before Palisandre and Ralph Neville. A leading incident of Thursday's programme was M. Cannon's riding of True Blue II, to victory in the Thursday Selling Plate. He took the old son of Ceresus close to the rails with all Archer's dash, and hurt himself seriously.

On Friday the sport was once more enjoyed in charming weather at New Barns. The wisdom of reserving Scarborough for the Breeders' Foal Stakes was illustrated when he just got home a clever victor from Galesus and Fugacity. There was a big field for the September Handicap, and the favourite, Worldly Wis., was unable to find assistance behind Evil Eye and that slave of drink, Greywell, and Coronet in the September Handicap. Amongst the lot who finished behind this trio was Corotphine. Good fields prevailed all the day other winners being Navarro, Capucin, Pot Luck, Quintus, and Sheldrake.

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The wear and tear of the Kennington Oval contest notwithstanding, however, Jones yet again got home, and his 3 min. 16 sec. on a loose track is one of the best performances that the winner has shown.

Not only with athletes, but with cyclists also, did the rain play havoc on Saturday. The Catford Club's twelve hours' open ride was nothing like the success which it must have been but for the adverse weather.

Of course, the fact that S. F. Edge, on a safety, and J. F. Walsh, on an ordinary, should have tied for first place with a total of 166 miles is a noteworthy item. But I am informed on the best authority that, but for the fact of Walsh staying to keep Edge company until near the end, the tall machine would have beaten the shorter one with ease.

Advices to hand show that the Manhattan athletic sports, held in New York on the 19th inst., were a tremendous success. There were something like 8,000 spectators, and the games, which included swimming, shooting, and such like competitions, were carried out in splendid style.

H. Curtis, the English one mile walking champion, seems to have become acclimated much more speedily than the majority of our fellow-countrymen who have visited America.

The sports commenced with the one mile walking handicap, in which H. Curtis beat T. Sherman and C. L. Nicholl in the order named. Curtis' time being 6 min. 33 sec.; whilst he walked his first quarter-mile in 1 min. 22 sec., or 32 sec. faster than the previous

The half-mile was run in heats; and in the first of these W. C. Dohm, of the New York Athletic Club, accomplished the distance in 1 min. 54 sec., or 3 sec. faster than his previous best on record. Dohm's latest performance ties with that of the Oxford University athlete, F. J. K. Cross.

Both in the shot-putting and weight-throwing contests records were broken. G. Gray putting the 16lb. shot, 47 ft. 3 in. or 3 in. in front of his own previous best; and in throwing the 50lb. weight J. H. Mitchell won with a record of 34 ft. 6 in., against the previous best on record of 32 ft. 6 in.

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Signs are not wanting of the commencement of the billiard season. H. Coles and J. Lloyd play a match at the Angel Hotel, Tooting, on October 8th.

SALE OF SHIRE HORSES.
The first sale of shire horses established by Major Duncane at Calwich Abbey, Derbyshire, was sold on Wednesday by Mr. Sexton, auctioneer. The stud was founded ten years since, and has been remarkably successful—a result mainly due to the champion horses, Harold and Premier. These two, together with Duke, Caro, were the only ones in the stud, and were not affected by the sale, with a record of 34 ft. 6 in., or 3 in. in front of his own previous best.

A CONVICT'S INGENUITY.
John E. Foster, a convict now serving a twenty-five years' term in prison in Massachusetts, has invented a new type of marine engine which is attracting much attention from leading mechanics, and will be patented as soon as a model is completed.

In his invention (says a Boston paper) no eccentric is used, and the engine is reversed, without slackening speed, by means of a button, but on a large engine a treadle would be used. The reversing is done so quickly that one can hardly tell that the engine has been reversed. Only three valves are used, and these are self-acting. There is no steam chest, and no condensed steam can get into the cylinder. He claims that the engine is more powerful than a Coriolis, and that there is less expense attending it. The speed is faster than a Coriolis or an oscillator. One feature of the engine is that the piston, when detached, can be reversed.

A POSTMASTER CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT.

At the Hyde Police Court on Thursday, William Henry Boyes, late head postmaster at Hyde, was charged on remand with embezzling moneys belonging to the Postmaster-general. The prosecuting solicitor said there were eighty-six charges against the prisoner, but he proposed to proceed only with eleven. The amounts were small, and included false entries of moneys paid to clerks. Of the money allowed the prisoner for extra out-door duty, the postmen had not received the amounts entered, and fictitious names had been signed, it is stated, at the prisoner's request, by postmen. The solicitor added, that the prisoner had charged for telegraph messages not employed, had made messengers clean offices, keeping the money allowed, and for clerks extra Sunday duty charged more than he had paid the clerks.

Harry Hunter has written no less than twenty new songs for his annual benefit, which takes place at the Royal Agricultural Hall on Thursday, October 8th. An attractive programme has been arranged, and the Mohawks Trinity; this season's more expensive commodity had to put up with a four to one defeat at the hands of the same team. True, the Arsenal were unfortunate in losing the services of McHardy during a great part of

LIVER COMPLAINTS. Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without mercury, are a potent remedy. They purify the system, and remove all the poisons of the body. They remove all liver and stomach complaints, bilious, headache, sickness, rheumatism, indigestion, constipation. Sold every where. —Leeds.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.
A REMARKABLE CASE.

There were some remarkable big scores in the southern district last week. I have already said a good word for Millwall Athletic; and that they are head and shoulders above some at least of their opponents may be judged from the fact that they last Saturday defeated the London Welsh by twenty goals to none—this against an international goal-keeper (Gilliam), who played fully up to his great reputation, and kept out several dozens of shots for the one dozen he permitted to pass him. Then Old St. Mark's walked through Hampstead to the tune of thirteen goals to none; Clapton beat Maidenhead by seven to none; and Ilford ran up seven to one against Old St. Stephen's.

The ill-luck which attended the South London Harriers' annual autumn meeting at Kennington Oval is to be deplored.

Contrasted with the enormous attendance at the same enclosure on the preceding Saturday, when the Surrey Bicycle Club carried out its racing festival, the gathering of spectators was small indeed. There are few more deserving institutions than the S.L.H., and whilst their programme lacked some of the specially attractive features which have been associated with it on previous occasions, it compared favourably with the bills of fare to which one is nowadays only too much accustomed.

That F. Owen Jones' victory over Swait in the 1,000 yards invitation race was no

luck was sufficiently demonstrated by his additional success in the three-quarters of a mile handicap at Richmond later on. The latter is a distance which, to my thinking, should have served Swait rather than Jones, who has never yet shown himself a first-class stayer.

The wear and tear of the Kennington Oval contest notwithstanding, however, Jones yet again got home, and his 3 min. 16 sec. on a loose track is one of the best performances that the winner has shown.

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